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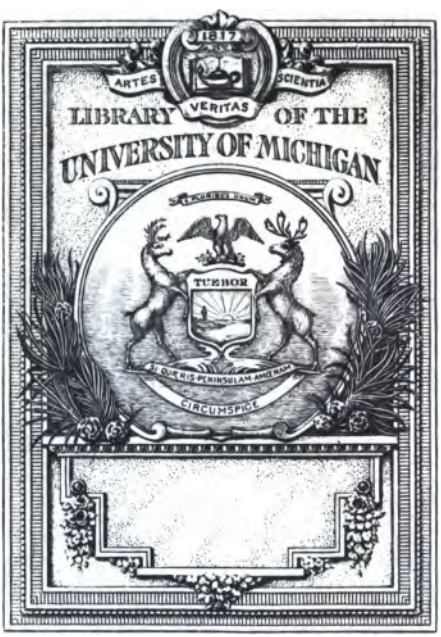
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# 'VARSITY STORIES

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# PHIL'S DOCTOR.

BY SHIRLEY W. SMITH, '97.

*(Prize Story.)*

When Phil first came to the hospital, the gray-haired head surgeon had looked at his little, crooked back, and shaken his head in a manner which suggested to the students in the amphitheatre, that Phil's was almost certainly a hopeless case. In fact, he said as much in big words which Phil didn't understand. Then the sheets were pulled back around the warped, twisted frame, and one of the student assistants helped the child over to a more comfortable position than the face-downward one, in which he had been lying. The big eyes had a sad, patient look in them as they glanced up at the student,—a look which only suffering can produce. Then the thin lips opened and Phil surprised the tall senior, by inquiring, in a voice pathetic in its gravity:

"I think I'm better today, don't you, Doctor?"

This remark was an inheritance from his mother for he had heard her ask the physician that same, hopeful question, morning after morning during her last long sickness, until the childish mind had come to feel that it was the proper thing to say to a

doctor. Those of the students who heard it, laughed a little, and the young man to whom it was addressed, embarrassed at the honor of being consulted in preference to the chief surgeon, blushed slightly and assured the small patient that there was no doubt of his improvement. Then the attendants started to wheel Phil away, but again the grave voice spoke out:

"I would like to have the Doctor carry me away."

The old surgeon overheard and his gray eyes shone out with a kindly glow, as he replied:

"I'm too busy now, my little man."

"No, I don't mean you. I mean my doctor," and he held out his arms to the tall senior.

"Take him, Mr. Cook, if you want to," said the surgeon, "the next operation is short and unimportant," and almost before he knew it, Cook had tenderly raised the little form from the table and followed by the sympathetic eyes of one or two of the most unprofessional of the women students, he bore the baby away, stopping to find out the room number from one of the nurses. Arrived there, he tucked Phil in between the sheets, and after a cheery word or two, was just starting to leave, for he didn't want to miss more than one operation, when a light step was heard, just outside, and then a slender, girlish figure entered.

"This is Aunt Ellen, Doctor. She takes care of me," explained Phil.

Cook bowed and the girl said:

"It was very kind of you to carry Phil up."

Then as Cook started to go, Phil inquired:

"You'll come to see me again, won't you, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes, I'll see you every day, as long as you have to stay," and the young man hurried away.

Ben Cook was delayed a little in getting through his work that afternoon, and when he finally left the hospital, he fell in with the head surgeon, who courteously asked Ben to walk up with him.

"Very interesting case, that boy who wanted you to carry him away this afternoon," said the Doctor, and then the conversation which occupied the succeeding minute or two, was so full of Latin names that we will omit it bodily. At last the Doctor continued:

"I have been talking with the child's aunt, and she has decided to leave him here, and we'll do what we can for him. He may get well, but of course the chances are a hundred to one against it. The two are all alone in the world and the girl has been supporting them both. She can't afford to stay here with him, and I'm afraid that when she's gone, the child will pine away. Well, I must leave you

here," and the elder man turned down the street, and left Ben to go on alone.

So Phil stayed on at the hospital, and he didn't seem to miss his Aunt Ellen so much as was expected. The nurses all liked the little chap, and as his story became familiar the students began to "drop up," as they said, to see him. And Ben Cook was there every day, sometimes oftener. Phil liked them all, and talked with them in his kindly, "unchildish" fashion which touched every heart. But no one could take the place of "My Doctor," as he always called Ben. No one but his Doctor could read his Aunt Ellen's letters to him, and no one else could act as his scribe when he dictated a message in reply. He loved to talk with Ben about how his Aunt Ellen had always taken care of him, and how when he got big he would take care of her in return. He never asked any one else about his condition, but when Ben came his hopeful queries were very numerous. The students began to speak of Ben as "Phil's Doctor," and Ben didn't mind it at all. He began to study special diseases with a vigor he didn't know he possessed. He took some of the literary or law brothers of his fraternity over to see Phil very often, and on the way back asked them if, "after all, medicine wasn't the grandest science in the world, when by its help such a child as Phil could be saved, and such

a womanly little woman as his Aunt Ellen made glad." For Phil was getting better, at least the old surgeon who examined his back at intervals, thought so.

So the winter wore on. Sometimes Aunt Ellen could come down and spend Sunday with Phil. Then what good times they would have in that little room. In the forenoon they would look over all the newest toys and books which the boys had bought, and Aunt Ellen would make up her mind that she must tell those extravagant fellows that it wasn't right for them to buy so many things for Phil, and then in the afternoon, two or three of them would come over with more candies, and more tin soldiers. and she would see Phil's face light up at the sight of some new wonder and the pleased faces of the young men as they watched the child, and then she would relent and postpone her interdiction. Sometimes they would bring their guitars, and then Phil would hear the most wonderful songs he had ever dreamed of. The same boys didn't always come, but whoever they were, Ben's face was never missing, and "My Doctor" always had the place of honor, which was wherever Phil could see him best. And it got to be the regular thing for Ben to accompany Ellen to the depot when Sunday night came, and she and Phil had said good bye. Then next day, Ben would always have

some last word for Phil, which Aunt Ellen had forgotten until just as the train pulled in.

So Phil kept getting better and better, until finally he was able to walk about the hospital, and the old surgeon commenced to speak of the time when he could go home.

"And take care of Aunt Ellen," said Phil joyously. And it did begin to look as though he might, some day.

But alas for poor little Phil! For as he was gravely pulling a tin horse about the hall one day, he never noticed the long stairway just behind him. There was one little scream, the rattle of the tin horse as it went down, and then everything was still. A nurse ran down and picked up the motionless form and bore it back to the room. The house surgeon came; he looked solemn and said shortly: "Telegraph for his aunt." When Ben came that noon, one of the usually calm nurses told the story with a suspicious tremble in her voice. Sick at heart and almost faint, he stole softly up to the room and sat down by the head of the unconscious child. "I can look after him," he said to the nurse and she left the room.

And there he stayed, interrupted only once in a while by the surgeon or a nurse, who didn't stay for no one could do anything now, and they knew Ben would rather be alone. The afternoon passed and evening came. Ben

paced back and forth, or looked out of the window into the dusk or sat by the bedside and watched the boy. A nurse came with supper but he set it, untouched, on the table. At last there was the least suspicion of motion on the bed, and Phil's eyes slowly opened and his lips moved. Ben leaned low to catch what he said:

"I would like to have my Doctor hold me."

Wrapping blankets around the child, Ben complied with the request, and Phil sank again into a stupor. So the evening dragged on.

Far down the railroad track a train was speeding through the darkness toward the city. In one of the coaches was a sad little woman who was counting the miles as they passed, and praying that she might not be too late to be called "Aunt Ellen" at least once more. At last the train pulled into the station, and soon a hack had left her at the hospital door. No one was in the entry, and she passed rapidly up along the halls she had come to know so well. There at the end of the corridor was the open door of the room she sought. Silently she approached, scarcely daring to look in. The little bed was empty, but beside it sat a man whose form she knew, his back toward her and his head bowed low. In his arms was little Phil, his face toward the door. She stepped inside. Ben heard her and turned

enough to nod slightly, for he couldn't trust himself to speak. The motion roused Phil once more, and the brown eyes opened, the dimness left them for a moment, the lips parted in a smile, and he murmured: "I knew you'd come." Then the eyes closed, never to open again. Phil's breathing grew weaker and Ben knew that the end was near. At last the lips seemed to move and the two eager listeners could barely hear the whisper: "Who — will — take—care—of — Aunt — Ellen?" Ben turned his misty eyes upon her, and still supporting Phil with his left arm, he stretched his right toward her. Phil's question was answered. She understood. And it seemed as if Phil must have understood too, for the look of pain left him, and a peaceful smile played about his lips. It was the last of earth, for a moment more, and that beautiful little spirit had left its mis-shapen habitation, and gone back to Him who first sent it forth.

# AULD LICHTS AND NEW.

BY NELLIE F. ANDERSON.

"This 'ill be the Univairsity, I'm thinkin' " said Tammas Haggart.

"Ay," replied Lang Tammas, as they stalked across State street toward the campus. The college clock had struck the hour, and the walks were swarming with students who threw curious glances at the two lank, stooping figures clad in rusty "blacks" and topped by "lum hats." No remarks were made, however, as all were awed by Tammas Haggart's sarcastic eye.

Suddenly Lang Tammas stopped with an expression of horror upon his solemn countenance.

"What are al' thae weemin gaein' aboot for?"

"Why man," said Haggart, "thae weemin are stoodents. Dae ye no ken they hev what they ca, cow-education here?"

Lang Tammas slowly shook his head.

"I aye ken't the Americans was queer fowk and hed wild notions; but I didna' think they wad be sae clean daft as to let the weemin come rinnin' aboot the Univairsity, meddlin' wi' buiks, an' negleckin' their proper business. Nae wonder 'at there's socialism an' anarchy in the land."

"Weel," said Haggart, "I canna say 'at I juist haud wi' this cow-education mysel'. Weemin wi' their heads fu' o' buiks is no sae easy manitched—but still, 'gin ye tak' the richt wy wi' them, they can be keepit in proper subjection. It's a' in the knack."

Lang Tammas hastily—that is hastily for an Auld Licht—interrupted:

"Losh keep us a'! What's yon fearsome objeck comin' alang the path by the big hoose? That crater carryin' the bag-like thing?"

Tammas Haggart was puzzled, but he had explained every strange thing they had seen since leaving Thrums, and would not confess ignorance now,

"Eh man," he said, "div ye no ken? Div ye no see that great "M" on's breest?"

"Ah."

"An' that his claes is gey thick an' stuffit like?"

"Ah."

"An' he's fell ill-lookin'?"

"He is that."

"An' div you no ken what he's gaein' to do?"

"No that I could juist explain."

"I wonner at ye. Juist come wi' me."

The two Auld Lichts passed around the main building and came in sight of an open space. The football men were practicing.

"There now dae you see?" said Hag-

gart, still in doubt himself, but coming rapidly to a conclusion.

Lang Tammas looked on in solemn wonder.

"They maun be clean daft," he said.

"Nae, no that. I'll tell ye. Yon is a kind of sport they ca' athletics. Ye'll hae heard o' athletics. It's a great game in a' the American Univairsities."

"It's a sinfu' waste o' time," said Lang Tammas in stern disapproval, "and a fearsome spectacle" he asked, as the game grew more animated.

Suddenly there came across the campus a sound like a rising tempest, a roar—a howl. It came from the Law building. The Auld Lichts had never heard anything like it—not even at the exposure of "Paper Watts." It ended in three distinct whoops.

Lang Tammas looked apprehensively and inquiringly at Haggart, but the oracle was silent.

"What's that, think ye?" said Lang Tammas.

Thus pressed, Haggart responded:

"It'll be the animals in the zoo-o-loggicle depairtment. I doubt they're makin' trouble."

"Come awa'," said Lang Tammas. "I hae seen an' heard enough o' this Univairsity. I would na' like to hae ony o' the Thrums lads sent here."

As they walked up the long avenue Lang Tammas observed a peculiar contortion of his companion's face.

"What are ye lauchin' at?" he asked.

"I hae had a humorous idea."

"Ay?"

"Ay."

"What is't?"

"Weel," said Haggart slowly, "my humorous idea was you in a suit o' thae stuffit claes playin' athletics."

"I dinna juist see the humor."

"Weel, it's no to be expeckit; ye'r no a humorist." And they disappeared down State street.

# A CONFUSION OF TONGUES

BY CLAUDE H. VAN TYNE.

"Not a pretty girl on board, Bibber."

"Too true," assented the person addressed. "We shall have have to content ourselves with chance sea-nymphs."

Bibber's address in conventional society was William Garrett Bibb, tutor in romance languages at Yale. His friend, Mr. Palmer Hoxie, artist, continued sententiously:

"Frailty must subsist. I hope that Nature, good cateress, will provide some food for folly."

This sentiment was exhausting, and the friends fell back into the voluptuous depths of their steamer chairs. They were on the "Werra" in the bay of Naples. The ship lay at anchor awaiting the arrival of tardy passengers. Genoa, Gibraltar, and then New York was her destination. Small boats were coming and going, rowed by swarthy Italians. Passengers and baggage were conveyed to the ship, and a lira or more taken away for the service. The two young men watched this scene nonchalantly until Bibber suddenly exclaimed:

"Just feast your eyes on the beauty in the little boat yonder—Jove, I believe she is coming on board. Look at her

baggage. Hail goddess!" he concluded theatrically.

The girl who had aroused such dulcet pangs reclined with fascinating languor in the stern of a boat, which was distinguished from the common fleet by a supply of cushions. A maiden's age is always computed in summers, and the "goddess," as Bibber proclaimed her, had seen approximately twenty. The ardent southern sun had touched her complexion, but it only enriched the bloom of her cheek. The intoxicating light in her dark eyes had perhaps been absorbed from the same lustrous rays. Heavy dark hair and eyelashes added something of the superb to her beauty. Her ears were moulded with the intricacies of beauty possessed only by the labyrinthine south sea shells. Of course, Bibber and Hoxie could not see all these graces yet, but there is a certain atmosphere about beauty which proclaims it from afar. Both the friends arose and took a favorable place at the rail. As the new comer ascended the stairway at the ships' side and reached the deck, she was watched as breathlessly as a new star climbing to the zenith.

"She's as lovely as an Houri," murmured Hoxie with suppressed excitement.

"And moves like a tigress," added Bibber enthusiastically.

Just then the center of attraction uttered a cry of alarm, when one of the

boatmen stumbled as he was bringing up the baggage.

"She speaks Spanish," Bibber at once announced to his friend.

Had he said Sanskrit or Assyrian, Hoxie's face could not have lengthened more. Art studies in Italy had necessitated a fair knowledge of Italian, but Spanish—. His castle in the air was interrupted in its growth by this confusion of tongues, as quickly as the tower of Babel of yore. Bibber greeted this unconscious display of chagrin with a triumphant laugh.

"Cupid's shafts fly swift, don't they, Hoxie?" he suggested as he recovered from his merriment.

The artist made a painful attempt to smile disparagingly, then turned away and descended into the cabin. Bibber, after confessing to himself that his own heart had been perforated, followed his friend.

At dinner the two friends were annoyed to find that the Spanish beauty had been seated in the dim distance at the farther end of the dining room. Bibber consoled himself with a philosophic generalization upon the habits of ocean steamship passengers.

"They're just like castaways on a desert island; everyone makes acquaintance of everyone else, just for sociability."

But poor Hoxie, who had been fondly nursing a dream, in which he made love in the manner of romances, was inconsolable. Courtship by nods and smiles,

signs and sparkling sparkles of the eye were out of the question, when the rosy lips and dewy eyes were lost in the dim vista of the cabin. He realized the hopelessness of making any advances in that way.

The boat was in motion when they went to the deck again. The friends tacitly acknowledged their spirit of rivalry by parting and taking stations at stern and bow. Hoxie on the hurricane deck watched Vesuvius smoking tranquilly in the gathering gloom. In the distance Capri next caught his dreamy eye. Then Ischia claimed his gaze, but not his thoughts. He was grievously given over to amorous meditations. His mind struggled to think of the blue sea, the far-off rocky shore, or the play of colors in the west, but he always completed the circle with thoughts of senorita's eyes.

"What is more lovely than a sunset on the Mediterranean?" said a sweet Italian voice at his side.

The Spanish girl stood there. The fish with a human voice did not startle the fisher in the fairy tale more than senorita's Italian astonished Hoxie. The gallant reply would have been "You, signorina," but actual answers differ from theoretical. Hoxie blushed, stammered, and crudely answered, "Nothing."

He recovered immediately, however, and muzzled his eloquence to make amends. He created for her ear what her eye could see. The robe of gold, the

red-stained clouds, the sea of molten gold changing to the richest of blues, these were his theme. He made a sublime simile, likening the sea to a rich brocaded silk woven by fairy hands. He fancied that the golden-rayed fan in the west was wafting the zephyrs. Then, as a culminating inspiration, he generalized the scene as only a vibration of the pendulum of beauty.

"Splendid! signor; beautiful!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her pretty hands. Then artlessly said, in a bewildered manner, "Why, I don't know your name!"

Hoxie imparted this useful information with a ridiculous attempt to make an unmelodious name sound euphonious. Signorina excited all his latent tenderness by liking it, and asking him with sweet naivete to call her Carmen. This bewitching Andalusian was charming his senses. He hardly realized that there was something decidedly Arcadian and unconventional about this meeting. The starlight, the open sea, the delightful motion of the waves, all influenced him. He had entered that mood of idealism in which nothing is strange, nothing unexpected. Had she proposed that they leap into the sea, and begin a mermaid and merman existence, he would perhaps have consented without argument. Just then he had twilight ideas on all subjects. There is an end to exact science when a man discovers that he has a heart.

"Signorina, do you remember the legend of the Prince Ahmed?" inquired the captive. "I believe it is a Spanish legend," he added.

"Ah, yes, Signor, but why do you ask such a question?" replied the captor.

Surprised at his own audacity, the artist continued: "And do you remember what it was, which the dove informed Ahmed was the torment of one, the felicity of two, and the strife and enmity of three?"

The serene innocence of senorita was not perturbed. She answered guilelessly, "Indeed I do; it was love."

Her simple answer was a madrigal in his ears.

"Do you believe it all?" ventured Hoxie.

He had resolved to love no farther then he might with ease escape again, but the soft tumult of tender wishes and pleasing pains had overwhelmed his reason.

"I believe it is the happiness of two," senorita replied softly. Her dark eye lashes fell and quenched a nascent gleam of passion.

"But I know it is the torment of one," persisted Hoxie, bent on pursuing this innocent sentiment.

"Truly?" queried senorita with ingenious surprise.

Even the artist's eye was content. He was convinced that she was a simple, warm-souled Spanish maid whose beauty was real and whose love was candid.

After musing for a few moments, he said so suddenly as to startle her, "Signorina, my friend, Mr. Bibb, is under the impression that you talk only in Spanish."

"Yes?" she replied, interrogatively

"Well, you remember that love is the strife and enmity of three," continued Hoxie.

Senorita smiled, and the artist was captivated by her mirth. She said "yes," again in a very non-commital way.

"Would it not be best to conceal your knowledge of Italian, if you make acquaintance? He was surely fascinated when you came aboard."

She greeted this with girlish glee. "How very funny; won't he ever suspect?" she asked.

"Never, if you don't let him see you talking to me," the arch-conspirator answered.

"Well, I won't," complied the accomplice, and then added with winning artlessness, "Shall I see you here every evening."

Hoxie made no objection to this proposal and even suggested that, if opportunity offered, he would take pleasure in any pliant hour, which senorita might choose to pass with him on the hurricane deck. The intrigue having been completed, the plotters parted with mutual assurances of affection. An interdiction against a flirtation with Mr. Bibb, was Hoxie's last word. He had chosen the hurricane deck for trysting, because he knew that was Bibber's abomination.

"It's dangerous and vulgar," he would assert.

On the following morning the Riviera was in sight. Bibber, with tourist glass in hand, stood on the forward deck scanning the grayish blue and precipitous shore. He fixed his glass on the white dots which on nearer view would be cities. Frequently he would turn and glance over the deck with eyes that strove to be indifferent and features which struggled to remain immobile. Yet his soul was in that backward glance and only with listless eyes did he see the picturesque wide-spread sails, which dotted the calm blue. As the ship entered the harbor of Genoa, senorita appeared on the deck. She walked to the rail, a short distance from Bibber, and uttered an exclamation of pleasure as she surveved the scene before her. The tutor of romance languages was enraptured by this Spanish interjection. Not that his linguistic feelings alone were gratified. Bibber was not one of those philological enthusiasts, who take more delight in a new particle than in the most sweet and blooming of girls. He stepped with hesitation to her side, and asked apologetically if she would use his glass.

"O thank you, senor."

The most perfect of hands was extended to receive the glass. She surveyed the Bay of Genoa with its forests of masts and wilderness of cranes, and then the city of white buildings seen

through the web of cordage. "Beautiful Genoa," she murmured with a sigh.

Bibber noted her melancholy, and enquired. "Why are you sad, senorita?"

"O, I should so love to go up into the charming city, but it isn't safe for me to go alone."

She was always so artless. It was an inartificiality which transcended art. Bibber immediately offered his company and protection for daily explorations during the three days' delay for cargo and coal. Senorita accepted and Bibber was exalted.

Of course Hoxie regarded these excursions into the city jealously. As high-conspirator he could not offer his own services in rivalry to his friend's. So he bit his lip when he saw them start, nursed his wrath and jealousy during their absence, and listened with a baleful light in his eye, when, after their return, Bibber confided senorita's charms in glowing terms. Yet the artist could not suspect the girl of any foible greater than tourist curiosity. She came every evening with eager promptness to the trysting place on the hurricane deck. Her simple-heartedness was evident in the pretty and natural accounts which she gave of the places they had visited. She was confiding and tender as though no Bibber had ever profaned her presence. "Surely there is no wile or duplicity in this child of nature," thought Hoxie.

The ship left Genoa on the third day at noon, and Bibber with his glass enter-

tained senorita by eloquent descriptions and superb actualities as they passed along the magnificent coast as far as Monte Carlo. The land disappeared, evening came, and Hoxie's season of joy was ushered in. When day shuts his eye then folly begins.

During the next day they passed the Balearic islands. Minorca's seamed and convoluted coast came first to view; then Majorca, higher, more rude and mountainous, crude as Nature left it, more like the original chaos than an island. Bibber and his glass found plenty of sweet employment that day. At sunset for want of any other idleness of course, Hoxie and senorita came to the old haunt. Tomorrow in the afternoon they would arrive at Gibralter and senorita would leave the ship and go to her home in Seville.

"Tomorrow we shall see Spain, and that is the loveliest land in all the world," said senorita softly and earnestly.

"Yes," rejoined Hoxie, and then sentimentally, "But you, Carmen, I shall never see again."

"Oh, surely you will come to Seville before very long," urged senorita bewitchingly. "I shall wait for you," she added.

"Will you truly?" questioned the artist.

"Yes, truly," came the seductive reply. Then with some more of those perjuries at which Jove laughs, they parted with farewells which they reiterated were not forever.

But why linger on the details. Spain appeared with its snow-covered mountains visible behind the dark, rough, and forbidding coast. Then the African coast rising from the low plain first sighted to a lofty summit just opposite Gibralter. As the ship rounded the great rock fortress and entered the bay, Bibber and senorita, side by side, leaned upon the rail and viewed the long stone sea-wall, the white and yellow houses above it. Beyond the town was the steep hill covered with burned vegetation. At the summit was the broken edge of the lofty ridge. But Bibber and the Spanish maiden did not seem wholly lost in admiration of this grandeur. If they were, there was a remarkable gentleness in Bibber's eyes which nothing in the stern rock seemed to justify. When the tender from the shore came alongside the boat, Bibber tarried an unreasonable length of time saying goodbye to senorita.

The two friends watched the tender leave the ship's side and steam away toward the wharf. Then Bibber turned to Hoxie and said with suppressed emotion:

"They're carrying away the sweetest girl in all the world," and growing confidential he continued. "She promised to wait for me if I would return to Spain."

Hoxie started, then conquered his emotions as he comprehended the situation and only said dryly:

"Yes, she promised me the same thing."

# THE METAMORPHOSIS OF A COWARD.

BY KATHARINE H. BROWN.

Hunter, although an admirable student, a gentleman, and an all-around good fellow, was always a helpless, malapropos sort of a youth; his men friends voted him a "muffin," whatever that might mean; and the girls had a trick of lifting their eyebrows, accompanied by an expressive sigh, when his name was mentioned. That is, when there were other boys around; what terrible remarks they may have made in the secrecy of purely feminine confidence, one dare not think.

This trait of unhappy ubiquity was probably what had led him to call on the Jacobs girls at the absorbing moment when a box from home had arrived. Entering joyfully at their "come in," in answer to his rap, he had at once entangled his feet in an octopus-like mess of lace curtain and tennis-net, and while endeavoring to extricate himself and to greet the young ladies at the same moment, had narrowly escaped demolishing a large cake, which Genevieve Jacobs caught up, barely in time. As he glanced around the room after regaining his footing and a modicum of dignity, he saw, to his horror, two other

girls whom his short sight had prevented his noticing before. Worse, and more of it, one of the two figures in the window seat was his incorrigible "Fresh" cousin; the other, *"The Girl,"* to whom had been indited—ah! who but a Junior can say, how many tender ballads, how many adoring sonnets,—born, alas, to waste their sweetness on a blue book! For courage, in affairs of this sort, at least, was denied poor Hunter.

A smile of enchanting sweetness, the more lovely when contrasted with the impish grin his cousin vouchsafed, responded to his stammering greeting to the Divinity, and he found himself seated at last on the abysmal edge of a very shaky chair,—one of those abominations which college girls contrive to build out of fruit boxes; such is the testimony of sadly experienced man. He was very hot and red and embarrassed, and thoroughly aware of it. Beatrice, his cousin, blest with a peculiarly soothing personality, saw fit to reassure him.

"We were having such a jolly time, Ulysses," she announced: the emphasis on the "were." "I hope you haven't spoiled Gen's curtains; she's going to have her room just sweet, if she ever gets things fixed. You could hang them for her, couldn't you? I remember you used to be always going around with a pot of glue and a hammer, sticking up things that wouldn't stay and nailing brackets around where they'd be sure to

come down on somebody's head. Give me some more pop corn, girls;" she continued, seizing a persimmon from a bag near by, and tossing it to the unhappy youth with cruelly accurate aim. "Oh, I hope it didn't mash on your cravat, Ulysses. That's a sweet one, though it isn't at all becoming."

"Are you going in for athletics this season, Miss Margaret?" Hunter inquired anxiously of the Divinity.

"Not especially. I've had several charming games of tennis," she responded. "Gen, your preserve jar is on the ragged edge of the sofa."

Hunter sprang up and put them on the mantel for her, without doing any damage, by the way. Miss Jacobs was still unpacking the beloved box. The caller was a sufficiently intimate one not to be "minded."

She was now pulling up a remarkable lot of silken articles and adding them to the cross section of chaos on the floor. Holding up a particularly gay scrap, she exclaimed, "Now, whatever did mother expect me to do with that?"

There was a meditative silence. Hunter, feeling something devolved upon him, ventured, with the best intentions in life. "Sofa pillow?"

Beatrice shrieked mercilessly. "Sofa pillow!" its nearer a pin cushion—! You'd better stick to athletics, Ulysses Bolivar."

The first half of his name was hor-

rible enough; but Bolivar! He crimsoned again.

Genevieve, the kind hearted, came to the rescue, with a frown in Beatrice's direction.

"If you'd just help me clear the study table," she said, gracefully, "We'll have a spread with such things as we have, and it will be no end of fun."

"For U. B. especially," interjected the tormentor. "Really, Ulysses, whatever brought you here tonight? I believe you smelled the cake. Gen, you haven't any idea what heaps of sweet things he can eat when he gets a fair chance. I saw him eat a whole pie once."

"I went to the Gym today, to see the club drill," volunteered Margaret. "There was some very interesting work going on. Particularly the climbing—just scrambling up such a smooth pole! And such terrible work in lifting heavy weights. I wondered why a boy didn't drop dead every other minute. It looked so dangerous!"

"Really, its dreadfully worrying," murmured Miss Jacobs."

"T'wouldn't hurt Ulysses any," buzzed the gadfly. "Anyone accustomed to carrying a head and a conscience like his—"

"Beatrice, go down stair and borrow some spoons," commanded Miss Jacobs, in stern tones, but with a suspicious twist about her lips.

Relieved for a moment by the inter-

ruption, Hunter made himself as useful as possible, and Beatrice's silence after her return and the beginning of the feast, gave the poor fellow a chance to recover his breath. He even felt the blood leaving his face in the cooling peace of the impersonal chat going on about him. The truce was one of famine, only; for as soon as her vigorous Freshman appetite was appeased, the promising Fresh turned her guns in another direction.

"Girls," said she, breaking in at the crisis of Hunter's best story,—he was telling it rather well, by the way—"Girls, I ran across the funniest man at the foot-ball game, Saturday; that is what he said was funny,—but I suppose I ought not tell," with a wicked glance across the table.

Her victim felt himself turn sick and cold at the prospect.

"Oh, do!" chorused the others, enthusiastically.

"If it's a good joke, do let us hear it. Few enough come our way," said Genevieve, with what seemed unconscious sarcasm.

"I don't know—it's rather mean," hesitated the curly-headed hypocrite. "He was talking about a girl,—and such stuff! Said she had 'exquisite eyebrows,' and 'etheral smile,' and went on to say that he 'would die for her, if need be!' Fancy such mediæval nonsense from a chap with Piccadilly shoes and foot-ball hair!"

Only by a supreme effort did Hunter keep from rushing out of the room.

"How I wish he'd said who it was," said the unconscious Margaret.

"I didn't ask. I just inferred," said the heartless one, gracefully spearing a preserve with a buttonhook.

The utter innocence of the faces about him consoled him somewhat. He would not leave just yet, lest it would seem, as would perhaps be suggested, that he had remained only for luncheon.

But to his surprise, Margaret declared, almost immediately, that she must go home, and this gave him an excellent excuse, both for escaping the torture of Beatrice's sharp tongue and for enjoying a little visit with the Divinity, away from those prying eyes. Three years of adoring, though for the most part secret devotion, had not made him any more confident of himself in her presence, and his lips grew dry, his hands shaking with nervous excitement, as he put on her cloak. Once outside in the starry autumn night, he made a few mild remarks on safe meteorological subjects, then relapsed into silence, while Margaret filled up the embarrassing space with the run of light chatter and sparkle which girls know so well how to manipulate. Half way up the lawn in front of her house stood a tall oak, from whose roots the earth had been partially scooped away. As they reached it, Hunter fancied that he saw the ill-supported trunk sway in the light breeze.

"Here's our Hallowe'en remembrance," said Margaret, with a little laugh. "What the boys intended to do with it, I can't imagine. Decorate their room with the branches, I suppose. It proved too hard a task, so after struggling with it for an hour or so, they gave it up, and marched off, with ironical cheers. See, I can stand in the hollow and feel almost as though I were a Dryad, just coming out of the tree." She stepped merrily into the depression, swinging her slender weight first backward against the tree, then forward, her arms clasped backward almost around it.

"Seems to me it quivers," said Hunter, uneasily. "Wouldn't it fall, perhaps?"

"No, indeed. It's too well braced. And even if it did—"

There was a long creaking crash, a heavy, groaning thud. The fall came with startling quickness, but not before Hunter had thrown himself at the girl's side, his big shoulders catching the weight that so barely escaped falling upon her. The tree went sidewise from them, part of the branches sustaining it, in such a way that the great weight did not come at that one point. But all came that he could endure; the blood sprang with a sickening leap to his head; his strong young body bent almost double with the crushing blow.

"Creep out, for heaven's sake, if you can!" was all he could gather strength to say.

He felt her drag herself past him and push her way out from under the heap. He was so bent down that he could look only towards the ground, but he knew instinctively the moment she was safe.

There was no time to get aid for him; there was a roar as of thunder against his ears, crimson flashes flared before his sight. One long, mighty push: a heavy outward shove: then everything whirled and shone before him,—the prostrate tree, the electric lights, Margaret's terrified face,— and he staggered backward and fell.

Just what voices came first he could not have said. But suddenly a high, shrill wail from Beatrice penetrated his heavy senses.

"Poor dear old poky thing, think how mean I was to him, and he such a lovely hero and nobody suspecting it! I'm sure if I were you, Margaret, I'd think I was the luckiest girl alive, to have him think so much of me, and talk about my eyebrows."

"I am," said Margaret.

A COLLECTION OF

# THE CAPITULATION OF MRS. LINDSAY.

BY ELLEN ANDERSON.

Mrs. Lindsay had grown up on Scottish soil, and transplantation to America had affected her but little.

After the death of Mr. Lindsay, and the marriage of her son Robert, she had made it her chief care to drive away, with her terrible eye or caustic tongue, any swain who had the temerity to come "havering aboot" her only daughter Margaret. Apparently, her efforts had always been crowned with success. Many a youth in the years gone by had she "gart gang aboot his business." She especially congratulated herself upon having frightened away young Charlie Gray, for whom Margaret at the age of twenty had shown a decided preference. Since this person had left the village, the fact that Margaret cherished an aguish-looking photograph of him, gave her no uneasiness, but seemed rather to indicate that this was a final victory and that no new suitor was likely to prove troublesome.

For the last five years indeed, she had but little occasion to act the dragon; and now that Margaret had reached the safe age of twenty-five, the watchful mother had settled down to a feeling of com-

parative security. But of late, James Dill, the respectable widower who lived hard by, upon the opposite side of the little village street, had drifted into the habit of calling rather frequently. Mrs. Lindsay awoke to the danger only when she perceived that Margaret was habitually crimping her hair; and one afternoon when she caught her daughter wearing a rose in her belt she decided that prompt measures must be taken.

It was at the tea-table that she commenced operations. The presence of her favorite, Robert, far from postponing the strife, furnished the opportunity to begin it. Transfixing Margaret with her steely eye, and dropping into broad Scotch, as she always did when administering family discipline, she said sternly, "Margit, gie Robert some bread, gin it was yon muckle sumph across the way, ye wadna' be sae negleckfu'."

Robert opened his eyes; but as Margaret attempted no defense, the subject was dropped for the time. Mrs. Lindsay felt that it was hardly worth while to waste heavy artillery upon so weak a subject as the obedient Margaret. She resumed her English and talked upon other topics.

Robert's curiosity, however, once aroused, demanded satisfaction. After tea as he and his mother were chatting alone, he asked for an explanation of her reference to Mr. Dill. She immediately relapsed into the Scottish dialect.

"The auld body,—aulder nor myself,—

's been haverin' aboot Margit these twa months—I winna bide it—a bit strip o' a lassie like Margit."

"Why Margaret is twenty-five"—

"Robert, gin I need you to tell me hoo auld my ain childer are, I'll send for ye."

Robert hastened to ask, "What makes you think it's on Margaret's account that"—

"What for should it be then?"

"But"—

"Wheesht man," and the subject was dropped.

Later in the evening Mr. Dill appeared. Mrs. Lindsay's cap-strings quivered, and her face took on an expression that made Margaret feel anxious for Mr. Dill.

"It's a fine evening, Mrs. Lindsay."

"Oo, aye, middlin'"—up to this time no one had ever ventured to continue a conversation with Mrs. Lindsay after she had failed to concur heartily in his opinion of the weather. But Mr. Dill persisted, It is a delight to be out in such an evening.

"I wonner 'at yer no oot enjoyin' it." This would have rendered the original of the aguish photograph limp and helpless, and have brought his call to a speedy end. But Mr. Dill did not even wince.

"I have been out, but one does not want too much of anything."

"Fine I ken that," with a terribly significant glance at the gentleman himself. Margaret here struck into the conversation, enabling Mr. Dill to retreat in

good order. A little later, seemingly forgetful of the visitor, Mrs. Lindsay asked,—"Eh, Margit, what time is it?" Mr. Dill took his leave; but Mrs. Lindsay perceived that this was merely a temporary victory. She felt that here was a foeman worthy of her steel. She knew that he would come again; and so he did.

In vain she exhausted all her store of sarcasm, and resorted to a glare that had never failed before. The intrepid Mr. Dill could not be moved by word or glance.

Mrs. Lindsay determined to try a new plan.

"Margit, ye mun pit a stop till that man Dill's comin' here."

"Why, mother?"

"O, you look fine and innocent, but ye ken vera weel why."

"Indeed, I don't see why a good neighbor like Mr. Dill, a canny Scot, too, shouldn't come in once in a while, in a neighborly way." Seldom did Margaret venture upon argument with her mother. Mrs. Lindsay was too much astonished to stop her at once. She went on, "Besides, mother, if anyone is to forbid his coming, the mistress of the house is the one to do it."

"Weel, I assure ye, I'd mak short wark o 't. I thocht ye micht rather do it yersel.'"

A curious smile hovered about Margaret's lips. "I think if it is to be done, you would better do it."

"Vera weel."

The next time Mr. Dill came Margaret was careful to be out of the way. From her carefully selected position upstairs she could hear through the closed door of the parlor, the murmur of voices,—her mother's high and penetrating, and Mr. Dill's deep and deliberate. Even this soon became inaudible. Five minutes, ten minutes, half an hour. Margaret laughed gleefully. "Mr. Dill is holding his own. 'When Scot meets Scot, the tug of war begins.' "

At length the door opened. Margaret strained her ears.

"Good night Mrs. Lindsay; I should be pleased to come in tomorrow evening."

"I shall be pleased to see you," replied Mrs. Lindsay's voice, in tones of great courtesy.

"Mother has capitulated,—now is my time." She hastened down stairs.

"Well, mother, Mr. Dill is gone. I suppose—"

"Ye suppose naething. Ye ken fine ye hae bin hingin' ower the banisters, listenin' wi' a' yer micht. What for did ye let me think it was you Mr. Dill was comin' to see?"

"I didn't know you thought so till today, and then you wouldn't hear—"

"Wheest, wi' yer impidence."

"Mother"—

"Weel!"

"Charlie's back."

"What Charlie?"

"Charlie Gray."

"Weel, what o't?"

"I've seen him a few times at Robert's."

Mrs. Lindsay pulled off her spectacles and looked sharply at the frightened Margaret. "Weel!"

"He would like to call."

"What for should he not then."

Margaret showed alarming symptoms of becoming demonstrative.

"Toots; woman; awa' wi ye. Did ye expeck that I wad go on fechtin' after I was clean beat?"

That night in her own room Margaret brought out the aguish photograph and set it up on her mantel.

# THE SECRET OF THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

BY SARAH SPENCER BROWN.

When Harry Howes came to college he was sure he should never forget her. He had loved her so long, you know, and he had been so madly, deliciously happy when she had told him, only a few months ago, that she thought perhaps she loved him too, she was sure she didn't dislike him, and for want of a better name they called it an understanding.

Then Harry had come away and Ann Arbor had been quite different from anything he had imagined; there were more people than he had expected and everyone had been good to him. He had been rushed and had joined a fraternity, and was perhaps just a little more impressed with a sense of his own importance than is becoming to a freshman.

His home letters began to be just a little shorter and more hurried than they had been at first and he did not go down to the postoffice now to get Bessie's letter on Monday evening, the mailman would bring it in the morning, he told himself, and he would wait till then.

It was about this time that he met Miss Benton at one of the class socials. She certainly was very pretty, and she treated Harry with marked kindness even though she was a senior.

Harry was delighted, Miss Benton gave him two dances, and let him put his name down for an extra late in the evening, "If I don't go home before then you know." And she hadn't gone home and in that two-step Harry fell still more under the spell.

"Yes, he might call," she told him, adding with that bewitching little smile. "And I'm almost always at home on Tuesday evenings, Mr. Howe."

More than one Tuesday evening had Harry called. Indeed, he had begun to lose count of the Tuesday evenings, and the times he had walked home with her from German were certainly innumerable.

His conscience hurt him just a little one morning when he came into his room and found two letters from home waiting for him. One was from his mother.

"My dear boy;" it ran.

"Your father and I have been thinking so much about you lately that we have gotten hungry for a sight of you, so we have decided to come down and spent Sunday with you. if you do not write us to the contrary. Meet the 9:30 train on Friday morning, if you are not busy. Ever lovingly,

MOTHER.

P. S. I have invited Bessie Lightner to come with us. I know how glad you will be to learn that she has accepted my invitation. MOTHER."

Bessie's letter lay on the table. Harry picked it up and glanced through it. She

had been so pleased when his mother had invited her to go to Ann Arbor with them. She wanted to see him so much. letters were very unsatisfactory and she longed to talk to him, if only for five minutes.

Harry called himself by titles which will not bear repetition, and settled one thing firmly in his mind; he would get out of this scrape one way or another; it was too wearing on a fellow's nerve to go around feeling like a cad all the while. How he should get out of it he didn't quite know, perhaps he would tell Bessie all about it, perhaps he'd tell Grace Benton, something must be done, the question was in which girl to confide.

On Friday morning he met them. They were fine, all of them. even if he had forgotten that father was not quite so stylish as some men he had seen, and mother's dress dated back a season or two. Bessie seemed as dear as ever, only he did wish she had worn a different hat.

They visited Latin with Harry at eleven and then they all had dinner together. Harry had a class at two, but if they cared to see the Library he thought he should have plenty of time to show it to them. They would not care to go to "Math" with him he knew.

The reading room was duly admired and Harry did the honors. He showed them the catalogue cards and then led the way to the book rooms. There was so much to be seen here that when the

clock struck Harry decided to leave them there until he should return. As he left turned and called over his shoulder, "I say, mother, if you people get tired you might go into the Art Gallery. You know it is up those stairs to the right, we saw them as we came in, and the Whispering Gallery is off it. I've told you about that. Goodbye."

Harry had been dodging Grace Benton all day. He did not want to have her meet his father and mother and Bessie until he had decided, especially not Bessie.

Was it Fate that he should meet her, going to the Seminary room, as after a hasty glance through the book rooms, he had decided that they must have gone into the Art Gallery?

"Why, Mr. Howes! What are you doing up here? Surely Seminary rooms have no charm for a Freshman."

"Hang it all," groaned Harry, "any place where you are has a charm for me." But he answered aloud, "No, I was going to the Art Gallery, I was going to show it to—er—that is I thought I'd like to see it but I haven't time now I'm afraid."

"Oh, do go Mr. Howes, and—yes I will devote myself to the noble cause of the intellectual improvement of Freshmen,—let me go with you and show you the mysterious Whispering Gallery. You know the Faculty won't allow Freshmen to go into it alone, since the time Tommy Backer—one of your men wasn't

he? was found in there crying because he was afraid of the dark."

With a laugh she opened the door of the Art Gallery. To Harry's infinite relief it was empty. They must have gotten tired waiting for him and gone to his rooms.

"All right, Miss Benton," he said. I'll be very glad to be 'improved,' and I'm sure I won't be afraid of the dark if I may go around with you." There was a slight accent on the last word.

"Oh, but you must'nt, you know," she answered, "that spoils the fun. Now I'll go in here and whisper and you go in that door opposite and listen, there's no knowing what I may say, goodbye Freshman, don't be afraid. I hope nobody's in there."

The darkness closed in around Harry as he shut the door. He fancied he could hear some one breathing, probably it was Grace on the other side. he knew the acoustic powers were wonderful.

"Harry said you could hear if a person rubbed his finger and thumb together, now, I'll try father," came a voice from across the gallery.

Horrors! They were here then? he must get Miss Benton out some way. This was probably his father near him. then his mother and Bessie were with Grace on the other side.

"Come on, let's go out now," he whispered, at a venture, "I don't think this is any fun. I'd lots rather see you any day."

"Why Harry dear did—" came the whispered answer.

"What did you call me?" he asked.

"Harry dear," came the answer. it was so low he could scarcely hear it. but surely that was Grace's voice.

"Do you mean what you called me?" he questioned again.

"Of course I do. dear."

He was breathless with joy. Then she had been caring for him, he thought she had. Was this what she had meant when she had told him there was no knowing what she might say? What did it matter to him if his father and mother and Bessie were in there too? What did he care if ten Bessies heard him?

"If you meant what you said," he whispered, "walk quickly round to your left and I'll meet you."

A figure started on the round; two other figures who had been standing near the door followed.

On the other side Harry's quick footsteps were echoed by slower and clumsier ones. Regardless of everything in the certainty that Grace had called him, Harry Howes, "dear" he hurried on.

They met. Harry held out his arms and somebody fluttered into them. but just then the Library clock struck the quarter deafeningly and drowned *it*. and the little scream which followed.

Grace and Bessy are very good friends now, though they still call Harry "Mr. Howes," but neither they nor the old gallery will ever tell who Harry kissed that day.

# THE MISFORTUNE OF TOM BRANTFORD.

(*A Tirade against Society.*)

BY ARTHUR M. SMITH.

We have heard eloquent orators proclaim the grandeur of American liberty, and raise before us vast monuments to American institutions, founded on the substantial corner-stone of American justice. We have seen grand edifices bearing on their domes statues representing a goddess meting out justice with a sword and scales. We have been taught that the guardian angel of our great nation, whose features are stamped on the "coin of the realm," rules us with a wand of justice. And yet, though the nation itself dispenses equal justice to all, that greatest of all American institutions, its society, almost despises it.

Society is prone to think really honest and good men hypocrites, and wolves in sheep's clothing, and as for the rogues, they manage to appear marble monuments, when in reality they are whited sepulchers. Society is not willing to think even a good man capable of a noble action, while it censures every deviation from a man's customary course of life. If a rogue performs a good action,

he is a hypocrite. If a good man becomes momentarily bad, he is ostracised. Society jumps at conclusions. Justice demands details and reasons. Society has patience with neither. It judges too much by the robe an action wears. Moreover, it will not remember that "once does not make a habit nor form a character."

With this philosophical introduction, let us turn to Tom Brantford. Tom was a good man. He was bookkeeper in the banking house of Sessions, Just & Co., and bore an enviable reputation for so young a man. A high sense of honor, punctuality, truthfulness,—a long list of virtues might have been written down in the big book the angels keep after Thomas Brantford's name. The teller in the bank was a young man, too, and highly esteemed by the heads of the firm. He had a few virtues. He was punctual and incapable of error, as a teller, but he was what we term in common parlance a "sport." It was no uncommon thing for him to stagger to his rooms and snatch a few hours of drunken slumber, trusting to his alarm clock to keep up his reputation for punctuality. People knew what kind of a man he was, but his business ability allowed the local society to countenance him. So he succeeded even better than painstaking Tom.

But Tom was a philosopher. He reasoned thus, "If McDonald sports it and

get along so well, why can't I? This is Saturday. I'm going to get drunk tonight and be a real devil for once, just to see what it feels like. I don't see how any harm can come of it. Alice will never know." For Alice, the daughter of the junior member of the firm, was loved by this worthy youth, and, we hope, loved him in return. But, like society, we cannot stop to find out for certain.

So Tom, the devil, made his debut on the stage of wickedness that night and played a leading part. He met McDonald early in the evening, and, in a comparatively short time, Tom was rapidly approaching idiocy. He had never thought he could be such a jet-black devil. He was almost drunk, had smoked and cursed and what not several time already. McDonald suggested the theatre. Reckless Tom assented and to the theatre they went, sat in the bald headed row and winked at the coryphees. After the play they wobbled slowly out. In the foyer they nearly ran over Mrs. Just and Alice. Tom held his breath, and, indeed, it needed holding. He muttered a rather hazy apology, and tried to lift his hat. It rolled to the floor and Tom after it. Regaining his feet, he plunged headlong in ignominious flight into the street. Here he bumped into Mr. Sessions. He excused himself rather brusquely,—

"Can't help it, I'm devilish," and

turned to look for McDonald, but he had fled. Feeling that he was in rather hot quarters, even for a devil, he started for home, rather uncertainly. Of course he met all his friends, male and female, old and young, and the expression on their faces at seeing Tom Brantford intoxicated cannot be described. His drunkenness was only too apparent, and it became worse every moment. He ended by insulting a lady friend. Her father, who was with her promptly knocked him down and called a policeman. Tom was dead to the world.

The ringing of the church bells awoke him Sunday morning. He raised himself up and looked around, and only when he called the turnkey and heard his story could he understand the barred windows and the stone walls. He was released in course of time, but a new book-keeper appeared at the desk in the bank Monday morning. The worthy McDonald, smiling in his sleeve, was as punctual as ever.

And did Alice forgive Tom? What a question! She is now the mother of a young McDonald. "Poor Tom," as the older inhabitants called him with a shake of the head, has been for a long time now the sot of the town, almost a begger. I say "has been," but a pistol shot was heard the other night in Tenement Alley, and the watch on the beat, forcing an entrance, heard Poor Tom's last groan. Who cared? The great,

rumbling coach of society, with its heavy wheels ground Poor Tom into the dust, and that groan was not even heard by the laughing butterflies on the top. But you and I know that on the big book that the angels keep, all those little virtues after Thomas Brantford's name were left unblotted, save by a crystal tear.

# MY INTERVIEW WITH THE CAPTAIN.

BY WADE WARREN THAYER.

It was in the station at Detroit that I first saw him. The long special train had just backed in to take its load of students home to Ann Arbor. My attention was called to him at first by his magnificent physique and more particularly by his peculiar costume, for he more a small, light overcoat, buttoned tight about his throat, as though to hide the absence of a collar, shiny black trousers so short that they barely reached his shoe tops, and a ridiculous little white hat utterly inadequate as a covering for his great massive head.

He seemed to wish to avoid any notice so it was not until we were aboard the train that I got a look at his face. And a strange face it was, to be sure. The features were large and heavily moulded; they would have been strong but for the almost effeminate curve of the chin, and the indecisive mouth, partly shaded by a heavy black mustache. The forehead was bold and clear, even noble, and a few curly locks of black hair, touched with gray,straggled picturesquely over it. But it was the eyes that gave the face its peculiar expression; they were very large and intensely black, and were set deep under shaggy brows, while the

dark circles underneath them suggested dissipation or illness.

I had settled myself in the corner of my seat and as I was very tired was already beginning to grow drowsy. My friend, after a quick seaching glance at me as I followed him into the car, had thrown himself heavily into a seat and had scarcely moved since. But suddenly, and without any apparent reason he leaped to his feet, and turning he leaned forward and stared me full in the face. In his eyes there was such a fierce, malignant look that I must own I was startled, and involuntarily I half rose, expecting an attack. But in a moment a swift change came; his expression softened and, while he maintained his threatening attitude, a gentle, kindly look came into his eyes and he smiled apologetically.

"Did I startle you?" he asked in a deep, melodious voice that seemed to accord well with his splendid proportions. "Pardon me, I forgot myself." And then as he spoke, a look of utter vacancy came over his face: his eyes, which had been fixed on mine, lost their lustre, and he sank back into his seat.

My drowsiness was completely gone now and for a moment I half meditated leaving the car, for I must own that that first look he gave me had startled me in no small degree.

"But pshaw," I said to myself, reassuringly, "he is drunk, that's all, and what's the use of letting myself be driven

from my comfortable seat just because he chooses to stare me out of countenance." So I settled back into the corner of the seat once more and taking out pipe and tobacco I prepared to enjoy a quiet smoke. Yet despite my confident words, I kept a watchful eye on my friend opposite, although there seemed small cause for alarm from that quarter, for he lay back in his seat with his eyes closed, as though completely overcome by a drunken stupor.

For some moments there was quiet in the car. Outside I could hear the voices and laughter of the gathering crowd of students as they came straggling into the station and down the long platform beside the train. It happened that for some time no one entered our car and my strange friend and I were left in undisturbed privacy. After a few moments a change came over him; the noises outside, the brakemen shouting orders to one another, and the occasional loud bursts of laughter as some crowd of students passed, going to a car further forward, seemed to disturb him. He woke from his lethargy and at intervals he peered out of the window into the semi-darkness of the station, and then again he turned and looked long and questioningly at me. His eyes wore none of that fierce intensity of expression which had so startled me at first; but now they were full of a frightened, hunted look which I was at a loss to understand. Presently he rose from his

seat and coming back to where I was he sat down beside me.

"Isn't it dreadful?" he said in tones in which grief and despair were mingled, while he transfixed me with those mesmeric eyes. Here we are penned in here and doomed to die, without being able to raise a finger to save ourselves."

"I don't quite understand you," I faltered, edging as far away as possible, for I was undeniably frightened now and I heartily wished I had acted on my first impulse and left the car.

"Hark! Listen!" he cried, his eyes growing wilder and his voice more deep and fierce at every word. "Hear the rush and roar of the seas as they strike the deck, and feel how the ship trembles with the shock of their blows, and there, that was the voice of the mate. Oh, why am I not up there to take command! To think of being shut up here like convicts in a galley while the ship goes down under us. Ah, what was that?" He leaped to his feet and stood for an instant pressing his hands to his head while a look of agony swept over his face. Then he gave a deep groan and seizing my arm with a grip of steel, he cried, "Did you hear that crash?" They're tearing the masts out of her, my beautiful ship, and here am I, helpless. Come let's be up and out of this."

He started for the door at these words, dragging me from the seat, upsetting my belongings and knocking my cherished pipe to the floor. I hung back as

best I could and began to shout for assistance, for I began to realize now that I was in the hands of a madman.

"What's this, my friend," he cried, as he saw that I was resisting, "so you're afraid to go on deck are you? Then I'll leave you to your fate." And giving me a mighty thrust that knocked me speechless into the corner of the seat, he rushed down the car towards the door. But as he reached it, it was flung open and a burly policeman, followed by two panting officials in blue uniforms, rushed in. There was an instant's struggle and then my friend went crashing down with the others on top of him. For a moment they held him there, then raising him quickly to his feet they hurried him to the door. He submitted unresistingly, even passively, and before I realized what had happened they had pushed him out of the door and he was gone. But as the door closed behind them the captive turned and once more those eyes gazed into mine.

That was the last time I saw my strange acquaintance, but subsequently I learned something of his history. He had been the captain of one of the large lake vessels of the olden time, and on one of his trips while he was confined to his cabin by illness his ship had been dismasted. His mind had given way under the strain and he had never recovered. But I shall not soon forget my strange interview with him nor those wonderful eyes of his and the last look they gave me.

# A ROMANCE IN PEDAGOGY.

BY MABEL COLTON, '95

The Bloomington High School opened in orthodox fashion at nine o'clock, but the teachers were required to be there half an hour earlier to keep order in the rooms and patrol the halls police-wise. It was Grace Barton's turn at hall-duty during the week before the midwinter vacation. She held a book in her hand into which she glanced occasionally, for the points she wished to emphasize in her first recitation did not seem clearly defined in her mind. The rise, decline and fall of the Roman Empire were facts less interesting and less real to her than that other imperious kingdom which just a year ago had held sway in her heart, long since overcome, as she thought, by the Goths and Vandals of pride and indifference.

Strange that she must think of it now, when for weeks she had dismissed it from her thoughts. Years are but arbitrary divisions of time after all, and there was no more reason for recalling an event three hundred and sixty-five days after it happened than two hundred and eighty-four or any other random number. It was absurd.—And they had walked across the campus that evening just a year ago with the moonlight and snow around them, and suddenly in the

stillness, after he had spoken and she answered, the library clock rang out like a blessing. In June it had tolled like a knell.

As it drew near nine o'clock there was no longer time for consulting the book. The cloak-rooms became crowded, and frequent incursions were necessary to silence whispering and laughing. One of the other teachers came to talk over a refractory case; a running fire of questions was answered, an unruly boy reported, delinquent pupils waylaid and interviewed, Thus it was that she gathered her forces for the day's work.

It was a hard day, technically speaking. All the restlessness, poor lessons and general unpleasantness of weeks seemed concentrated here. Petty annoyances, each in itself trifling, heaped up enormously. At the end of the day, after the last of the line had been seen down the stairs, a pleasant good-night said to the last lingerer, Miss Barton sat at her desk, strewn with papers to be looked over before she went home. She buried her face in her hands and indulged in her misery unreservedly. A great affliction crushes beyond feeling; an accumulation of woe can be analyzed into its manifold pinpricks of agony, and this she proceeded to do scientifically.

She was losing her hold on her pupils; they no longer liked her; one of them had been almost impertinent. She did not have the influence over them she

might have for other and higher things. She had no grasp of her subjects so that she could teach as it should be done. Envious eyes were upon her position. She was ill and discouraged,—and just a year ago on the campus.

The janitor, armed with dustpan and broom, put his head in at the door. "Ein shentleman will see vou already," he said.

His grimy form was replaced by the figure of a well-built, well-clad young man with a determined expression in his eyes and around his mouth. He advanced slowly to the front of the desk and held out his hand in silence. Miss Barton had risen and stood tightly grasping the edge of the desk.

"Philip,—you here?" she said.

"Yes,—I,' he replied. "I did not know where you were teaching till two days ago when I saw a notice in a Daily that was sent me. I have come to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness?" she queried. "*My* forgiveness!" changing the emphasis.

"Yes, your forgiveness," the young man answered. "I was a fool to let you go,—a fool not to make you see the matter as I did."

"It is rather peculiar," she said, laughing bitterly and tremulously, "to ask my forgiveness for not making me do what I did not wish to do."

"Perhaps it is peculiar," he went on unflinchingly, "that may be. That is neither here nor there,—I ask your for-

giveness. Let us go back to last June and begin there."

"Begin there and live over again these months of regret and bitterness?"

A flash came into the young man's eyes and he leaned over the desk and grasped her hands.

"Then there has been regret, dear?" he said. "And bitterness?"

Grace retreated and braced herself against the black-board behind her.

"I didn't say that,—I said——Oh, why did you come, Philip?" she cried.

"Because there has been regret and bitterness on my part. Because I love you, Grace, and because you love me."

"You have no right to say that," she replied hotly, "no right to think it, to even imagine it for a moment."

"You gave me the right once," he said softly.

"That is past, and the matter was settled once for all, I thought," she answered, holding fast to the edge of the black-board with one hand, crumpling a piece of chalk with the other.

"And you are satisfied with this, then?" he asked, sweeping a glance around the spacious recitation room as if the slabs of black slate were prison walls, the benches racks of torture.

"You should not speak so contemptuously," was the indignant reply. "It is a noble profession, as grand and ennobling as yours. And anyway, you know, this is only the portal to something wider and higher."

"Yes, I know," he replied. "Whatever you do, Grace, you will honor."

Neither spoke for some moments, while the twilight seemed to visibly steal in at the window and surround them. The benches loomed up in the dusk like the accusing spirit of Higher Education. The girl's face stood out deathly pale from the intense blackness of its background, and her nervous hands looked long and wan.

"You have been ill," Philip said at last huskily. Grace dropped into a chair.

"Not ill," she said, "but it has been very hard and very lonely. My father died last summer and—."

"Your father dead!" he exclaimed. "Then you are alone."

"Yes, alone," she said, proudly and sadly, "alone with my art."

"Your art,—O Grace—Forgive me. I am hasty. Whatever you do is art for me, and I respect and admire you for it."

"Don't, Philip,—don't. I can endure your reproaches and contempt, but your respect,—it will kill me. O, Philip, why are you so stupid!"

Grace's head went down on the examination papers before her regardless of consequences, and facts, dates, and names were sadly blistered and blurred. Philip started to lean over the desk, but, bethinking himself of a former rebuff, straightened up determinedly.

"One question more, Grace, before I go," he said slowly. "If you can't go

back to last June, would you go back a year to-day and begin there? You remember that evening?"

A movement of assent from the bowed head was the only reply.

"Then is the misunderstanding removed, dear,—is there nothing between us now?"

"The desk is," she said, smiling up through her tears.

A COLLECTION OF

# THE FOLLY OF THE YOUNGER JACOB.

BY MAUDE ELAINE CALDWELL.

It was perhaps in some unconscious deference to his quiet German dignity that the hilarious little West Coast community, whither he had gone, called Jacob Rittermann *fils* "The Younger Jacob" rather than "Young Jake." more native to its tongue. Between Jacob and his father their differing appellations were almost the sole distinction to the outside world for some years after they first came to the excited atom of a town in an early Summer of the boom-times, and stocked the little corner shoe-store which had remained unaltered. Sometimes since then it had been the sole rock of prosperity in the ebbing sea of blasted prospects.

The father was as broad as long—nearly—quiet, solemn, steadily attentive to his customers' wants and to advantageous movements in the market. The son was more slender than the father but no taller, and was equally grave. But people liked them. They had a serene way of listening to the wild schemes of the townspeople, saying little, but filling in their names with goodly sums attached on such subscriptions lists as voiced support of projects with less than the average craziness in them.

When they had been settled there two

years they sent east for the mother, and when she came they had a prim little house ready for her. It was better built than most boom-houses, and Jacob, *pere*, saw to its plastering and papering, and carpeting and curtaining himself, while the Younger Jacob superintended the filling in and sodding of the yard. This was in a tide-land town where most of the houses stand like ungainly cattle on long legs and through half the year wade knee-deep twice a day in the varying tide. Even the sidewalks are four feet above the grass.

Young rose-trees were ordered from San Francisco, and pansies were set out under the windows. When this much was done the father went away to Tacoma for three days and bought the furniture. Everything was in sets, from the upstairs and parlor furniture to the wooden spoons that were hung over the kitchen table in a graduated row that made one think of a harp.

Outside the place was rather pretty inside it was neat and good and very, very ugly. But when Barbara Rittermann, the mother of Jacob came, she could not be pleased enough nor exclaim enough, she was different from the two Jacobs, so they were all happy and contented.

The elder Rittermann grew a shade less grave, even displaying a most agreeable smile to such of the public as might be met on the "plank road" of a Sabbath evening when he and the slim, pretty-looking wife took their invariable stroll,

with the son Jacob respectfully in the rear.

The boom had brought here, as everywhere, among other unanchored craft, many young men, collegians just let loose on the world, and those whose chosen calling had failed to please them after a few years' trial. Most of these were men of culture and a social turn of mind. The young women were few and this class of men monopolized what there were. Even those girls whose fames and home surroundings tended but little to make them socially successful developed an adaptability which made them what these men called "possible." Sometimes it was good for this sort of girl, sometimes not, it depended on the girl. If, when the boom passed, as booms must, and the finer day sifted out, she returned brightened, refined and content to the deadly monotony or to less aristocratic pleasures, it was good, but if the change galled her and the less delicate gallantries jarred, or if there was some one face that haunted in the remembered ball-room, and if there was a passionate letter or two of a date a year dead to brood over, why then it was bad, very bad.

But all this has been a digression. There is many a story in that minor key, but this is not one of them, and Jacob had nothing to do with that society nor it with him, and just then there was no other save the circle including the ballet at the "Camique."

Jacob was a stranger to any sort of

society save the friendly game of solo of an evening with John Rodgers, his only friend, and the weekly musicale with the pleasant-faced young mill-hand who came with his wife to the Rittermann's to play the cornet with Barbara's accompaniment. He and Jacob sang together too. Jacob sang a remarkably good tenor. And then there would be cakes and ale in the stiff little dining-room.

John Rodgers used to try to get Jacob to go with him to make calls, but Jacob would not. He read a good deal until by degrees he had shifted most of the work on his own shoulders, so that it was too late when he came home at night to do more than read the evening's chapter in the Bible.

His life went on steadily, monotonously, and no one would ever have imagined the slightest capacity for romance in his whole make-up. And nothing might have happened to prove it otherwise had not—but then nothing would ever happen if something else had not, and the whole truth had potentially arrived when Jacob's father died.

Aside from the fact that he was now thrown more directly in contact with the customers, whom he had hitherto viewed mostly from the office at the back of the store, he met with another awakening influence in his mother who had hitherto spend all her devotion on her husband. Jacob and she became all in all to each other, he had inherited many traits of her own character which had

been foreign to the nature and even the approval of Jacob the elder, and which had so grown dull in her. But under the spell of the almost unconscious and wholly unconfessed congeniality she felt them rising again.

The result was that when the deeper mourning was over, places of entertainment frequently saw the two, the mother pleased and eager, and Jacob increasingly interested. Gradually their circle of acquaintance widened. Jacob's grave shyness gave place to alternations of awkward sociability and fits of deeper reserve than ever. It was the "coming to consciousness of the *ego*," and it was a strange process which Jacob neither understood nor liked. But still he had to go with his mother whether the results were pleasant or not, the *ego* was not sufficiently developed to question that.

There were some half-dozen circumstances, which had the direct influencing of Jacob's pliant *ego* to a form that made its peculiar disaster possible.

In the first place, through her musical talent and a certain aggressive executive power, Mrs Rittermann was becoming popular in church work; and in the capacity of leader in such affairs she was frequently sought by the most fashionable members of the congregation.

Then, one or two wily mothers of maids no longer buds, in the church-social coterie, had much cajoled the unwary Jacob over against whose name rumor placed a bank account of five

figures, and reckoned the left-hand digit high.

Again, these same church socials were half cause and have results of another circumstance that nourished poor young Rittermann's growing bump of self-esteem. Since he was now obliged to be gone with his mother so long and so often from the store, he hired another clerk and a book-keeper, with the result that when he was not with his mother the new and increasing restlessness which beset him drove him to more frequent games of solo, now that his presence was not needed through the quiet evening trade.

He no longer played with John Rodgers alone, but with all "the fellows," and was easily tolerated for his ready purse and unfailing good temper. Presently he learned to dance, and very soon widening shallowing circles of "society" took him in.

This is the enumeration, there is no use for more than an enumeration of some of the waves that were lifting the bewildered Jacob.

And it was just now that John Rodgers said one evening when they were playing billiards in the little room behind the barber shop:

"Say, Jacob, my cousin Margaret is going to be here this summer."

"Is that so?" remarked Jacob chalking his cue. The divine possibilities in the coming of any woman did not strike him quickly.

"Yes, she'll be here next week, and I want you to be pretty decent to her."

Jacob looked slowly along his cue.

"What sort of a girl is she?"

"Oh, she's pretty enough, and you'll like her—she can keep still on occasion, you know."

"All right, I'll do my best."

"He's the only fellow in town that has a cent to spend on the girl, and she'd die without some devotee or other" thought John Rodgers as he went on with the game, "and she can stand it for six months I guess."

Well, Margaret Rodgers came and Jacob fell in love with her the first time he called.

John told her that "the Dutchman" was an old friend of his, and she should be nice to him."—(Now don't judge John Rodgers hastily, he meant to do everybody concerned a good turn, and wasn't very far-sighted about it, that is all.)

So Margaret was "nice to him" in her generous open way, sweet, smiling always, with a certain deferential grace in her manner that made her two inches of superior height seem his advantage and not hers.

She met his mother, and being interested in the study of character she let Jacob take her down to visit Barbara, and to see also the pansies and rose-trees. She was pleased with the place and said so, and said more. She sat down on the edge of the tiny door-yard walk, by a bush of pink roses, and put her arms up behind her head, leaning

back, and gazed about her at the little house in Noah's-ark like primness, at the green yard, and then off at the great white mountain.

Presently she said,—

"Oh, it is so beautiful, so very, very beautiful; you who live here should be happy!"

And Jacob and his mother thought she meant their home-place, and Jacob thought farther on the last part of what she said.

Margaret had a great deal of leisure and a great deal of active interest in the world. She often came down to see Barbara, for the little woman was a charming study, and then too, the Rittermann's was the only place in town from which one could see the mountain well, except the docks, which were unpleasant, and the "Heights" which were hard to reach.

Sometimes she stayed to tea and Jacob would walk home with her afterwards,—a long, long walk past the quiet stores and the scattered houses, past lonely vacant lots to the high ground near the town-limits where Margaret's cousin lived in a house somewhat more pretentious than most of the others. It had among other excrescences sundry "bay-windows," one of which was just round the corner from the front door on the side away from you as you came up the street.

On these walks Margaret always said charming things to Jacob about his mother, his home, and impliedly, himself.

Margaret was very much given to saying pretty things, and her interest in the Rittermanns was kind and real if it was half-amused.

Had Jacob been one degree either less or farther developed psychologically he would have scented a slight patronage, though it was wholly unconscious on Margaret's part. But he had come to consider himself not only as good as all society (which thank Heaven we may all claim) but of the same ilk as the most cultured, no question of his own suitableness troubled him, he saw no discrepancy between his past and his aspired to future.

Margaret was not very young, twenty-three perhaps,—and Jacob was quite a bit older in years, but in some ways he was so much like a boy that Margaret's impulse—and her impulse was her law—was to treat him altogether as such.

One evening on the front porch at the Rodgers' he told her about his father's death with a quiet simplicity that touched her quickly. They were sitting on the top step near each other, and in a pause of the narrative, she laid her hand for a moment on his.

"O my friend!" she said softly.

Ice and red flame fought together in Jacob's soul. When he came home that night he sat down on the sidewalk by the little pink rose bush.

It was a fair night, not warm but windless, and the full moon seemed very near above the serrate edges of the pine-encircled world, while shifting mist-

clouds hung above the level river and broad harbor.

Jacob sat for a long time very still and by and by his mother who was watching him from the window came out and sat beside him. She had a fleecy scarf over her head.

Barbara did not speak at once, and then not as if she imagined any crisis.

"How Margaret loves such nights as this!"

Jacob only nodded.

"It is too bad she isn't down here to see it as we see it"—a pause—"isn't it, dear?"

He did not answer, she slipped her arm through his and leaned forward until she could look up into his face.

"Isn't it, dear?"

Jacob met her eyes a moment but looked away again unanswering. His mother gave a firm little settling movement,—

"Jacob, dear," she said, "you love her, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied clearly and at once.

"Then why don't you ask her to marry you?" There was no answer and she did not wait for any.

"You believe she loves you, don't you?" she asked boldly, though the question of the possibility of Margaret's caring for him had never before risen to the lips of either. But Barbara had often thought of it. She was an ambitious woman and had great ideas of building up again in her little sphere of a declined generation the social dis-

tinction which her branch of the family had once claimed. And aside from this she truly believed that Margaret did care for Jacob and would accept him, and seeing her son's happiness so centered in the girl she deemed it a mother's part to unwrap him from his timidity. She found the task not so hard as she thought, she had not understood the development he had undergone.

When she asked him whether he believed Margaret loved him, Jacob turned eagerly toward her.

"I know it," he exclaimed.

"Have you asked her?"

"No, but—," and then he told his mother what Margaret had done that evening.

They talked still for an hour, the mother planning with charming certainty of her boy's future, and Jacob listening, silent, awed by his own happiness. Barbara settled it all, he was to propose in a week, or as soon as a ring could be got from Tacoma if it seemed best, for Margaret might leave in ten days.

Three days later as unconscious as the roses in her belt, Margaret came in the early morning to the Rittermann's. She found Barbara sweeping the sitting room. It looked very attractive, and full of possibilities of coziness with its pretty white curtains looped up out of the dust, and its stiff furniture all bundled out into the hall off from the soft-tinted carpet, and the sunlight streaming in on the little mob-capped house-wife.

"Are the things all dusted that come

back in here?" asked Margaret meditatively from the window-sill where she sat surveying the room.

"Yes, Gretchen, why?"

"Then when the dust is settled in here will you please let me dust and bring the things in, and fix them as I like?—Please do," she added as Barbara hesitated, pleased but astonished.

"Why, yes, you may if you want to, but I will wheel the chairs in for you."

"No, I want to do it all myself."

And she did, even banishing Barbara from the room. Once alone Margaret wielded her duster and sang to a soft little tune of her own devising some lines that made themselves up in her heart,

"Ah how sweet when I shall reign
Queen in my true love's dear domain!"

When all the arranging was done and deftly dainty touches had brought all the beauty latent in the material to the surface Margaret ran to the window and looked up and down the street, singing again,

"Ah how sweet when I shall reign
Queen in my true love's dear domain!"

then laughed softly to herself.

Barbara listened to the song from the hall and later told Jacob of it who interpreted it as she had done.

Jacob resolved to ask Margaret that very night to marry him, and he told

his mother so as they stood in the sitting room when Margaret had gone after dinner. They both spoke in low tones almost as if they were in church. His mother kissed him and when she was alone she cried a little, but withal she was happy.

The young man ate no supper that evening, he was too excited, though he acted very quiet.

At a quarter before eight he started for the Rodgers' gathering some pink roses for Margaret as he passed the bush. His mother was at the gate and he stopped a moment.

"Fortunate the ring came just as it did," she said.

"Yes, and it wouldn't if Alan hadn't sent it over by a young fellow he knew and who was coming; he got my note too late for the express."

"Who brought it?"

"Oh, a young fellow named Antwerp from the east," John Rodgers knows him well I think. At least he met him at the ferry. He was asking John about the person the package was for, and we were introduced. That was all, I had to hurry back to the store in order to get off early."

Then Jacob went. When he reached the foot of the Rodgers' porch he paused to look at that sacred top-step and to collect his speech. While he was doing so he heard his name spoken from the bay-window round the corner of the house. It was Margaret's voice and he

could hear very plainly what she was saying.

"No, I'm sure he don't love me a bit, I've just been a little nice to him that's all, because there was nobody else, and he's an old friend of John's, and he's very good, and returned the compliment, that's all, truly."

"But, sweetheart, you hadn't been 'nice' to me for ten minutes before I was devotedly your slave, and I can't help fearing you've done some damage to this confiding young German's heart."

Jacob listened bewilderedly—that second voice the hand that held the ring in his pocket throbbed with a sudden intelligence.

Margaret spoke again,—

"Not a bit of damage, dear. But don't let's talk of him, let's talk about ourselves."

"Well, there aren't any big plans to make, dear. I'm a poor man yet."

There was a nestling sound and a low laugh.

"I don't care, I've been practicing housekeeping, down at the Rittermans' I arranged the sitting room after it was swept, and I pretended it was our home, and that I expected you any moment, and—"

But Jacob could bear no more, and next morning Margaret found the pink roses on the front porch and wondered.

# AN IRONY OF FATE.

BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN.

The jury filed into the room and took their seats. "Gentlemen," said the judge, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," said the foreman, as he rose from his chair.

"Mr. Clerk, take the verdict." A hush of expectancy fell over the dingy court room. "Guilty, as charged," was the answer, given in a firm voice. The silence was broken by a sob which came from the woman who during the long trial had sat each day at the end of the jury box, her chair so placed that she could see and hear the attorneys in the case and watch the prisoner. She held a child in her lap and at the words of the foreman she threw her arms over the rail in front of her and with her head resting in her hands, sobbed.

"James Hogan," said the Judge, as he wheeled in his chair and faced the prisoner; "stand up! You have been found guilty of murder by a jury of your peers; have you anything to say why the sentence of this court should not be passed upon you?" The low-browed fellow cast his roving eyes around the room and shook his head. The judge continued: "There is no necessity of my reciting the details of the crime committed by you on the night

of November 26th. Those details have been fully proved. You fell upon an old man and cruelly murdered him for the little money you knew he had in his pocket. You were caught in the act of lifting his head from the pavement to which he had fallen as the result of the death blow you had struck. The patrolman arrested you on the spot and you were taken to the central station. In the police court you pleaded not guilty, and were indicted by the grand jury, and in this court, but an instant ago, you were found guilty. The evidence against you is overwhelming. The enormity of your crime does not entitle you to any mercy. I sentence you to be taken to the State's prison, and there, sometime between the hours of six A. M. and six P. M., on Friday, the ninth day of January, to be hanged by the neck until you are dead." The woman sitting at the end of the jury box sobbed again, and, trembling, clutched her baby closer to her breast.

As the prisoner was being taken from the room through the long corridor of the court house on his way to the station where he would await the time of his removal to the prison, the woman pushed through the crowd and throwing her arms around the man's neck, sobbed, "Jim, I love you and they shan't take you from me. Baby and I will go with you Jim." The officer thrust her aside and walked on with the prisoner.

The Judge remained in the room some minutes after the trial had been

concluded and chatted cheerfully with the reporters who sat at the long table directly in front of the bench. The afternoon sheets had been done-out of their accounts of the last day of the trial so the men from the *Times, Herald,* and *Advertiser,* which were morning papers, were the only reporters left in the room. They wrote on and on, each thinking that his story of the sentence and the sobbing woman would have the most readers in the morning. They finished at about the same time, and rolling up their sheets of copy thrust them into their overcoat pockets and wandered out upon the streets.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Reynolds of the *Times* of Hughes of the *Herald.* "I don't know," was the reply. "I was sorry to see Jim get it so hard. Why didn't the Judge give him a life sentence? I tell you there are lots of worse fellows in this city than Jim. He was always on the square with me anyway and he's steered me against more good stories than any of those smart chaps who sit around the central station from one day's end to another and look wise. Yes sir, I'm sorry for Jim. Well, I've got to get up to the office or the old man will think I have fallen by the way side. See you at the Bartender's Ball tonight."

Hughes of the *Herald* climbed the long stair that led to the editorial rooms of his paper and pushing open the door of the city editor's office placed his copy

on that official's desk. Then he went out to lunch.

The city editor was feeling jovial that Saturday night, and before the evening assignments were distributed the ten or twelve reporters who formed the regular staff of the *Herald* sat around in his office and chatted about their stories of the day. It was but natural that the conversation should turn upon the trial, conviction and sentence of Jim Hogan. The city editor agreed with Hughes in thinking it too bad that the Judge had not sentenced him to imprisonment for life instead of to be hanged. All the newspaper men in city knew Hogan, and as Hughes has said, he had "steered" more than one of them against good stories. What would the *Herald* have done in the counterfeiting case if it had not been for Hogan? He tipped off the game going-on down the bay, to Hughes one night, three years before, when he was an upright citizen and tended bar for Larry Farrel in his *cafe* on Chatham street. Hughes took the tip and went down the bay and skirmished around until he found the cabin Jim had described to him, and although it was in January and bitterly cold, so cold that the streets up town were deserted, Hughes crawled to the roof of the hut and laid there by the chimney listening until he had heard enough to convince him that "queer" half dollars were being cast inside the cabin. Then

he caught an owl car and went up town, rushing, a little later, into the *Herald* office with the best story of the month. He notified the police, after his article was in type and composition had stopped in all the other offices, and the raid was made that same night. The next morning the *Herald* was the only paper in the city that contained an account of the arrest of the gang of counterfeiters. Jim could be given credit for that at least. Of course he was a criminal, but what had that to do with it? He was the friend of every reporter in the city and not one of them had ever been deceived or misled by him. It was this friendship which he had for the newspaper boys and which the newspaper boys had for him that had caused that splendid notice of his mariage to Maggie Flynn to appear in all the papers. Never had the reporters been treated so handsomely as they were at that wedding. Why, they all wore dress suits, and attended in a body, with the city editor at their head. But that was long before. It was only six months later that Farrel began to miss money from his till and Jim was sent to the Island for the tapping. That incident was the beginning of his descent. He went from bad to worse; and after he had served his time for highway robbery he was no longer the old Jim, but plain Hogan the criminal, known to every patrolman in the city. But he never lost his "pull" with Frank Tomp-

kins, the proprietor of the saloon and gambling rooms at 34 Lafayette. Frank had found Jim a ready tool and wanted to use him in his green-goods work; so he had got him out of many scrapes for which, if it had not been for Tompkins, who in turn had a "pull" at the City Hall, Jim would probably have been on the Island when the murder of old man Raymond was committed.

All the points in his career as a genteel bartender, sneak thief, highway robber, and finally murderer were gone over that Saturday night in the office of the city editor of the *Herald,* and that official was drawing a long moral from the life-story when the telephone bell at his elbow tinkled three times. The Central Station had called. The reporters were quiet while their chief talked over the wire with the Captain. "About midnight, you say," he spoke into the receiver. "And I say, keep it quiet, won't you? Give us the scoop if you can without trouble. Little favors like that are never forgotten here in the office. We've lost one or two good stories lately and we'd like to make up on this one. What's that? You will? All right Captain, much obliged. Good-bye." He hung up the tube and turning to Hughes, said, "The Captain says they are going to take Jim to the prison about midnight. He's the only death case they've got on hand, and the warden wanted to fix up his apartments a little, put a little ma-

hogany furniture in his *boudoir,* you know. They'll walk him out, probably. It's only a few blocks, and the officers want him to see the city for the last time by moonlight, if there is a moon, and I guess there will be by midnight. You can cover the Bartender's Ball now, and when you get back I want you to walk out to the prison with the officers and Jim. You can get up a good descriptive story if you know how, and I guess you do, all about his appearance, and this and that' you know. Maybe he'll talk, and if he does, remember every word he says, it'll make a cracking good column for to-morrow, and if it's good enough I'll put a special head over it. That's all."

Hughes tucked a little roll of copy paper away in one of the pockets of his ulster and walked down stairs and out into the street, softly whistling to himself. The other reporters were given their assignments, and they left the office, leaving the city editor alone to blue-pencil the afternoon copy.

About ten o'clock they began to wander back into the room, and seating themselves at their desks, wrote out the reports of the meetings, cock fights, and church socials they had been sent to cover. It was nearly half-past eleven when Hughes walked into the sanctum of the city editor and placed his story of the ball upon the desk. "You'd better hurry along down to the station," said

that gentleman, as he threw a theatrical paragraph into the waste basket, "and I guess you'd better take Smiley with you, he isn't doing anything just now. If I don't happen to be here when you get back, make about a column, leave the copy on my desk, then go home."

Hughes and Smiley buttoned up their overcoats, for the night was stinging cold, and passed out of the office. They walked down the street toward the station, and as they picked their way over the icy pavement they softly whistled that popular ballad in which the young man vows that in the whole world there is but one girl for him. They passed down the alley leading to the turnkey's room and pushed open the heavy door of the station house. Still whistling, they shambled up the old stairway, and turning to the left at the top, entered the captain's office. A small squad of sergeants were being assigned their beats as the reporters entered the room. As they filed out, swinging their long night clubs, the captain turned in his chair and gave the young men a cheery "good evening." The captain was a little, short, fat man, whose beady black eyes shone as brightly as did his glistening bald head. He had been connected with the police department for twenty-five years, starting as a district watchman, and by hard work, "pulls," and general ability, had at last reached the top of the ladder, and for four years had been captain of the precinct.

"Yes, you're in time," he said in answer to Hughes' question. "They're getting Jim ready now. No, they won't take the wagon; the man asked if he couldn't be allowed to walk out. He wants to see the city for the last time, you know, poor fellow. He won't see anybody after they lock him up tonight; nobody but the priest, and not even him, until the day he's hanged." The speaking tube whistle was blown just then and the captain put his ear to the funnel. He listened a moment and then muttered, "All right." Turning to Hughes, he said, "They've got him bundled up and are going out the front way. You'd better walk a little behind until they get him off the main streets. When you get down on Water street you can go alongside and talk to him if you want to; I've told the officers to let you; there'll be two of 'em."

Hughes and Smiley stepped into the corridor and stood near the door of the detectives' room as the two burly patrolmen passed through the Superior street entrance of the station with Hogan between them. The reporters followed them out into the cold and darkness of the December night. The street in front of the station was deserted save for two tramps who hovered around the doorway of a little saloon across the street, and a woman carrying a child, who moved rapidly away as the officers stepped to the pavement. A brisk step was

taken by the guards and Hogan, but the two reporters lingered behind until the little party had reached Water street, which was the direct road to the prison, and then they came alongside the prisoner. He recognized them as they passed under an electric lamp, and asked them good naturedly what they wanted. "Nothing," said Hughes, "we just thought we'd go down with you, Jim, that's all. Jim, I'm sorry to see you going down here. It aint right; and you don't quite deserve it. You've always done the square thing by me Jim, and I'd like to help you, but I'm afraid I can't." The man raised his eyes and looking Hughes square in the face, said, "No, I guess you can't, Hughesy. But we've always been good friends, aint we? You're one of the best I've got among the newspaper gang, and now I want you to promise me something. I want you to sorter keep an eye on Maggie; will you Hughesy? She's a good girl, too good for me, and I can't bear to think of any harm coming to her. Kinder watch her, won't you? Promise me. I won't see her no more but I guess it's all right. I saw her a minute after the trial and kissed her good-bye then; poor, poor, girl." For the first time since the beginning of his trial the man's voice faltered, and Hughes turned to brush away a little drop of moisture which the cold had caused to collect in his eye. As he turned his head, he saw a dark

form like that of a woman, moving along in the shadow of the high bill boards across the street. He said nothing, but as they came to the corner of the prison wall he turned again and saw in the darkness the same form. If it was a woman she held something in her arms, but he could not make out what it was. The great, grey building, surrounded by its high wall, rested upon the bank of the river, and as Hughes tried to penetrate the darkness which overhung the ice, he caught a fleeting glance of the figure. It had crossed the street and was standing at the corner of the prison wall watching the little party make its way over the slippery flags to the great door on the Water street side of the building. The entrance was reached and while the others passed through and into the yard Hughes lingered behind. The heavy gate swung on its hinges and was locked from the inside by the guard. As the lock snapped and the heavy bolts shot into their sockets, a muffled scream came from the figure standing at the corner. It was a woman's scream. Then there was silence. Hughes ran back to the end of the wall and reached it just in time to see the woman jump from the dock to the ice below. He did not know what to do. Everything he had seen and heard that day flashed through his mind. He recollected his promise to Jim, that he would look out for Maggie and the baby. Then an idea struck him. He rushed to the patrol box just across

the street and throwing open the door turned the crank on the dial. Then he listened. In a few seconds he heard the clatter of hoofs away up the street and saw the two front lights of the precinct patrol. The galloping horses slipped and stumbled on the icy pavement, but the driver was firm and in an instant he had drawn rein at the corner of the prison wall where Hughes was standing. The patrolman leaped to the ground and ran out upon the ice. The sergeant in charge of the wagon blew his whistle. A shrill scream followed by a splash was the answer.

Just then the moon broke through the clouds and flooded the entire breadth of the river with its silvery light. There was not a thing to be seen upon the ice. All was clear and silent save the stream of inky blackness, a few yards in width, which flowed down the middle. The officers cast one look over the stretch of glistening ice and went back to the wagon. Hughes found Smiley standing near the box waiting for him, and the two reporters rode into town with the officers. The *Herald's* story the next morning was a scoop.

Jim was not hanged after all. Within a week his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and five years later the *Herald's* special correspondent at the state capitol wired his paper that through the influence brought to bear upon the Governor by prominent gentlemen of the city, Jim Hogan had been pardoned.

# IN WIDOW'S WEEDS.

BY MABEL COLTON.

Fairmeadow was at the height of the summer season. The little hill-top village, which during the winter lay buried in snow and disturbed only by tinkling sleigh-bells and the voice of an occasional lecturer, was suddenly aroused from its lethargy when the warm spring days came as a reminder that vegetables must be planted and houses refurbished for the coming summer-boarders. One by one and slowly they had come through May and June; then faster, then in torrents until now all the private houses were filled and the little boarding school under the lee of the hill was changed into a teeming hotel. The summer homes of New York nabobs, which through the winter months had overlooked the valley in silent, lonely grandeur, now threw open their spacious piazzas and wide windows to the glorious mountain-vistas. Dog-carts and luxurious carriages of all descriptions rolled along the village streets and shady country roads, where a few weeks before farmers' wagons and the doctor's buggy had been the only visitants. The technical terms of tennis and golf were on the lips of every one. Dances, theatricals, picnics and tournaments were gladly received by gay and well-clad young America, its ardor undiminished by the summer heat.

"Hill-Top," the property of the village postmaster and merchant, was one of the most popular boarding places. Its occupants were mostly young girls and their mothers, so that Bernard Johnson, who held serious views of life and was in doubt as to whether medicine or ministry were the nobler profession, was, with the few other young men, in no small demand. He had flirted assiduously in a clumsy, awkward way which he tried to make easy, and had come to the conclusion that he was quite a man of the world.

One morning, however, when the young people were chattering aimlessly on the piazza, a strange lady, who had arrived late the previous evening, came and stood in the doorway, looking out across the broad sloping lawn to the misty valley and hazy hills. They say that the change in Bernard Johnson dated from that instant, for he stopped short in his bout of repartee with Miss DeVerne and stared. She was still young and very fair to look upon, but a certain air of dignity and a sadness withal in her aspect showed that real girlhood was past. Her gown, as each girl in the watching group knew by a glance, was perfection, a mourning costume, not deep indeed but unmistakable. She walked across the porch to the railing, passing in front of the curious onlookers with the assured carriage of one accustomed to observation and homage. But her eyes, rather than the calm indiffer-

ence and conscious unconsciousness of a well-bred society woman, had an odd, dreamy look,—they looked toward things and not at them.

Presently Mrs. Brown, the landlady, came out for a few moments to make it apparent that the care of the big house still left her time for elegant leisure, and skillfully manipulated an introduction.

"Mrs. Reynolds," she called, startling the new comer from her reverie, "let me make you acquainted with Miss Stuyvesant, Miss DeVerne, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Smith," running glibly through the long list of names. They made room for her, the young men with that deference to beauty, the girls with that respect for "air" and style, and she sat down among them, joining easily in their talk of the day's tennis tournament, smiling with vague kindliness on all alike.

"Perhaps you are a tennis player yourself and can help us out?" asked Bernard who had been drinking in his share of the smiles and the graciousness.

Mrs. Reynolds' eyes grew misty and retrospective as she replied: "I used to play,—yes. My husband was very fond of it, but I have not cared for it lately," and she sighed gently and then smiled all around in apology.

When she left them there was a general summing up of opinions and a decisive conclusion was reached. She was a widow, of course,—of several years' standing, for her mourning was not heavy. Her husband had died when

they were first married,—perhaps on their bridal tour. There was no limit to pensive, semi-morbid possibilities of a romance. She was not more than twenty-six or seven, and was plainly wealthy. And good looking?

"She's a corker," said Mr. Smith, hard under his breath.

"She's perfectly lovely," affirmed Miss DeVerne. Bernard Johnson said nothing.

No one could tell exactly how it happened. Mrs. Reynolds was very popular with the young people, being charming whether as comrade or chaperone, while her reticence about her own affairs, impervious to even Mrs. Brown's onslaught of curiosity, threw an atmosphere of mystery and fascination around her. At first she was with them impartially, with the girls or with any one of the young men as it happened, but gradually it was found to be always Bernard Johnson, who preferred to hold a parasol over the serene, widowed divinity, while the others played tennis. He lingered on the piazza with her, he seemed to divine the direction of her walks and drives and frequently joined her. She always looked faintly surprised when she discovered his presence as though she remembered having seen him somewhere before.

After the long evenings of gay talk, his light was seen burning late, for certain medical books must be devoured in preparation for the autumn examina-

tions. Mrs. Reynolds thought that physicians had a divine mission to suffering humanity and spoke of it with feeling.

In the meantime Mrs. Reynolds wrote home enthusiastically of her returning health and spoke of the kindness with which she had been received. "The young people were very pleasant and nice," she wrote, but was unable to recall any names of her coterie of admirers.

So it went on until people ceased to make remarks before the young man, for his earnestness was so intense as to secure respect from the most scoffing, and the older people, observing him, shook their heads. Mrs. Reynolds was vaguely startled by one or two sly hits but she never fully understood their significance. She was one of those beautiful women who always receive services without exacting them and are blind to their own power.

"Mrs. Reynolds," Mr. Johnson said one evening, as he held her fingers in good-night parting for one brief, blissful moment, "You have given me good advice for my future,—advice I shall always keep, always treasure, but there is one ideal of my future I have not told you about. May I ask you about it sometime,—may I?"

'Why, yes, of course," she replied, withdrawing her hand, and trying to recall what advice she had given that his voice should so falter, "if I can help you, of course."

The next evening the usual knot of

idlers was gathered in one corner of the piazza, watching amid subdued talk the moonlight which flooded the landscape and lit to glory the circling panorama of the hills. Bernard Johnson was perched on the railing, his back to a post, his face to the moonlight, thinking that like it his hopes, which he should put to the test that night, were tremulous and uncertain in their purity. Mrs. Reynolds drifted serenely toward the group, whose usual light talk was hushed before the night's solemnity and the lover's pale young face, and seated herself beside them, secure of welcome.

"I feel quite happy tonight," she remarked blandly. "I expect my two little boys tomorrow and, of course, I am eager to see them."

This was a revelation, and a general half-suppressed smile was visible even in the wan glimmer, for the thought of young Mr. Johnson as even in prospect a stepfather was amusing enough.

"I don't know," Mrs. Revnolds continued thoughtfully, "whether their father will be able to come with them or not. I think I have not told you that my husband met with an accident last year that crippled him seriously. No physician has been able to help him yet. That and my mother's death last winter has made the past year a sad one for me."

No one had the heart to give even a polite murmur of assent or commiseration; the silence was oppressive, and the moonlight lay like a pall over youth's

young hopes. Suddenly Mac Smith arose and knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar.

"Bern, old boy, he said cheerily, yet with an odd shake in his voice, "let's take a stroll down towards the river and smoke another cigar,—if the ladies will excuse us, of course," and throwing his arm across Bernard's shoulder to steady him, he guided him across the wide lawn which lay cold and still like the world when grief must be faced.

Bernard Johnson is now a minister in an unpromising Western parish, but Mrs. Reynolds never knew.

# VAN WINKLE'S DEBUT.

BY KARL E. HARRIMAN.

In the spring, P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle blossomed out as gay as a holyhock. On the first of April he would visit his tailor in a neighboring city (the college town cutters were not clever enough for him) and choose his garments for the early summer. He usually received them by the evening of the tenth and on the following morning the blossoming would occur. By the time the campus clock struck twelve everyone about college had seen him. He never ordered suits and overcoats singly; others might but not he. He loved variety and was æsthetic withal, and his wardrobe never gave the lie to his tastes.

If the truth must be told, then let it be known that he was often the envy of the other fellows around college and town. They thought him the glass of fashion and the mould of form, though with regard to the latter it is a bit hard to see how he could have been so considered. He was short of stature and round and really looked more like a squab than like a man and a sophomore at college. His face was square and he had black eyes but no eyebrows. His nose was but a bare suggestion of what might have been great-

ness for when about six months old he fell down the cellar stairs and when picked from the hard cement floor by his nurse it was found upon examination that the cartilage had received such a twist that his loving mother then and there gave up all hope of the nose ever resuming anything like regularity. And it never did. His chin was round and full, and if carefully investigated the student would have seen that it was composed of three chins that blended and ran into each other and flowed in little rolls down behind his collar.

So it will be seen that of face. P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle was not exactly what one would call fair to look upon. But in a measure, the extent and variety of his garments made up for his lack of facial beauty. And those garments are worth more than a passing notice. In this day and age, when the picture poster of a popular magazine is considered a work of art and a dream of beauty, it must be but the truth that P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle's clothes were beautiful and that he displayed great art in their selection. Particularly was this so as regards his trousers, which were truly astonishing both in number and variety of patterns. He was wont to change these very necessary articles of apparel twice, thrice, yes, and even a dozen times a day. He wore a differeni pair at each meal and in every class he attended in his department. His choice was governed by his moods which were changing

and flitting. When morose he would wear brown or black stripes. If he should happen to feel a streak of gayety passing through him he would don a pair with more color and life. This marvelous collection of "pants" was the admiration and envy of every callow youth in college. Of coats, he had as many but for the greater part they were more modest in pattern, but always cut after the most approved fashion of an English gentleman's man, whom all these anglomaniacs imitate, thinking they follow the gentleman himself. Among waistcoats, his were gorgeous beyond compare; they glowed with color and were fashioned in all shapes. And P. Fitzhugh never buttoned the lowest button. He had been told it was a habit with the Prince to leave the garment unfastened at that point, so of course it was necessary that he should likewise. He did not know that the idea was first given expression in this country by a fashionable gambler or he would, probably, never have been guilty of the seeming negligence. But then, where ignorance is bliss is folly to be wise, and the young man was serenely happy in the thought that it was really within his power to do one little thing that the Prince had done. And then, there were the cravats! Surely such an array had never before been owned by a single individual. They would have been the joy of Brummel but it is feared that the immaculate Chesterfield would have

frowned upon many of them. Thus it was throughout the wardrobe; everything in the extreme, the other fellows permitted to gaze upon but not to enjoy, and P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle happy in his own supremacy.

Of course the boys laughed at him, and called him a cad, and all that, but it was simply another case of the fox and the grapes, at least so thought P. Fitzhugh, for he was aware of their jibes. Nevertheless the young man was prominent in college society and the girls thought him delightful. He had so many ideas how skirts ought to hang and how shirt waist cuffs should be linked. He was conspicuous at dances and always seemed to be having a good time although the wilting of his collars was an awful bother to him. He was usually the center of a noisy little group that collected more to gaze upon him than to listen to anything he might say, for it was generally understood that he was without brains. Of course he might have had an ounce or two of brain but as he never gave evidence of the possession it was doubted. He talked with a lisp and the accent of an English music-hall actor, so, as a novelty, he was always favored with followers. Why he assumed that accent and tone no one knew, but it might have been that at one time in his life he had met a chap from Twickenham who talked that way, and as Twickenham is in England, P. Fitzhugh adopted the accent out of respect for old Britain.

This slight reference to the drama leads me to begin at once the relation of the circumstances of the young man's downfall which in itself was both dramatic and theatrical, if you will observe the distinction.

When P. Fitzhugh was very young he was taken by his fond, admiring mother to witness a production of that American classic, Uncle Tom's Cabin. The performance so greatly impressed the youth that it almost tended to change those plans of life which, on his first birthday had been so carefully laid down by his mother. He thought it would be nice to be an actor. The garden and the cosy little set cottage looked so pastorally beautiful to the young P. Fitzhugh from the front (would he might have seen the thing from behind!) that, in his sweet simplicity, he imagined it symbolic of the actor's whole existence. The heroism of good George Harris, the misery of poor, hound-hunted Eliza, and the cruelty of swaggering, swearing Simon were indelibly stamped upon his memory and he would have given anything for an opportunity to be a hero at twelve dollars a week in costumes furnished by himself.

It was this half longing to become an actor that had led the youth in his freshman year to take a course in elocution. He made considerable progress in the art. He would learn the greater speeches of Hamlet, Brutus, Polonius and Lear and recite them very effectively with his lisp and cockney accent. At least he was

told he recited them effectively and what more could be asked?

It was at the beginning of P. Fitzhugh's sophomore year that the University Dramatic Association was formed. The rules of the organization were drawn up by ten or a dozen enthusiastic students and everything was going along swimmingly until it came to the selection of a stage manager, and then dissension sprang up among the members. Some wanted Twaley and some didn't. There were several good men in the field but the fight finally simmered down with Twaley and Simonds the only contestants. The latter was the fellow who had had considerable experience in amateur theatricals and he would have been just the man for the place, but owing to his lack of diplomacy in pulling wires and promising good parts to all those who should vote for him, the office went, on the eighty-seventh ballot, to Twaley.

Now this man Twaley was such another as P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle. In his way he was a cad, but harmless, and moreover he was a friend to P. Fitzhugh. The next trouble arose over the casting of the Forged Check; or the Mystery of Lincolnshire, which was the drama chosen for the performance. All the parts were satisfactorily filled except that of the leading juvenile, Arthur Clipperdale, which was in reality the strongest and most effective part in the piece. John Ashton thought Twaley ought to give it to him as he had had a great deal of experience and what was more, had played

the character several times with the club at his home. John asked again and again that he be given a trial at one of the rehearsals but Twaley would not consent.

Well, to make a long story short, Twaley gave the part to P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle, more for the sake of friendship than for any other reason, so everyone thought, for no man about college was less fitted to do the heroic work of the character and make the loving speeches than P. Fitzhugh. Though they existed, the objections of the other members of the association were kept back, for everyone wanted the performance to be given and they knew well that nothing would be accomplished if the fight were kept up.

When John was told how he had been "turned down" in favor of the little idiot who didn't know enough to come in out of the wet, as he expressed it, he inwardly swore to be revenged on both him and Twaley. And he was, but the method he adopted remains to be told.

Rehearsals of the Forged Check were immediately begun and continued all winter. As it was their first attempt, the Association wished to give an unusually good performance, so all the work was gone over again and again until every little bit of business and speech were perfectly learned. The college papers interested themselves in the affairs of the club and gave considerable space in their columns to the coming performance, printing the names of the actors at

least a dozen different times. Seeing his name in print so often tended to "swell" P. Fitzhugh to such an extent that it was said he often found it necessary to use a shoe horn in putting on his hat. But all went well and finally the day of the performance arrived.

It was the twelfth of June, a week before the end of the college year. All that day the leading juvenile sweltered in his room wondering how he had best dress the part. Finally he decided upon wearing a sack suit, a morning suit and a golf suit in the first act, with appropriate shirts and shoes; a duck and a flannel suit in the second; three different frock suits in the third, and in the last act, simple evening dress. He thought a frock would be more appropriate in the third for it would give him more dignity, and, besides, his great speech to Ruth Armsdale, a speech of ninety loving lines and the most effective in the play, came in that act. He had learned that speech perfectly and felt that he would make a splendid impression upon the fashionable audience by the fervor and passion of his elocution.

By six o'clock that evening all the actors were on the stage, completely made-up, and awaiting the passage of the two hours before the curtain should rise.

If anyone had been loitering in the alley at the rear of the theatre about half-past seven they would have seen a young man crouching along in the shadow of the building until he came to the little basement door at the end, which he un-

locked and passed beyond. The young man was Jack Ashton and the little door opened into a passage, dark and narrow, which led to the open space beneath the stage where it was customary to throw all the worn-out rubbish and dilapidated properties of the theatre.

Ashton lighted a match and looked about him. He was in a cellar about twenty feet square and the ceiling above him was the stage upon which the young Thespians were that night to tread. He could hardly stand erect in the hole, for it was nothing else. He lighted another match and measuring with his eye the length and breadth of the ceiling, he walked a few steps to the right and before him. Raising his hand, he felt along the ceiling until his fingers met an obstruction; then he smiled. He knew his position. He was standing directly beneath the Hamlet trap, as that part of the stage floor is known which is lowered by a strong spring for the construction of the grave where poor Yorick's skull is found. So far satisfied with his work, Ashton sat on an old keg and waited.

He heard a scurry of feet across the boards above him and then faint strains of music were brought to his ear. The overture had commenced. The music stopped, a bell tinkled and he knew the play was on.

At the end of the first act he heard the applause of the audience. By straining his ear he could hear the speeches of the actors, and he commented upon them as

they were delivered. The curtain fell again and again he heard the applause of the audience. When the little bell tinkled the third time he rose from the keg and lighting a match, examined the little door above him. The act was going splendidly. P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle was surely making a hit. The dialogue drew near his great speech. Ruth seated herself "R. C." and gave the cue. The leading juvenile walked from the extreme left of the stage to the center and began. As he warmed to his work he drew nearer Ruth until he stood directly over the head of Jack Ashton.

He had come to the greatest line of the great speech. He was saying: "Madame, there is no deed I would not do for a single smile from your lips. I would brave the wave but for a glance from your eyes. Were it possible for a mortal man so to do I would descend to the innermost depths of hell—"

As the word "hell" came from his lips, Ashton loosened the spring of the Hamlet trap. The effect was marvelous. P. Fitzhugh shot through the stage like an arrow. He struck on a barrel and rolled into a pile of ashes and tin cans which had been thrown there by the janitor.

He lay for some time dazed and almost unconscious, then he gradually regained his senses. He recollected that something must have happened though he knew not what. Rising from his bed of wet ashes he staggered around the cellar until he found the little alley door which Ashton had considerately left open. He

sneaked up the stairs of the stage entrance and crawled to his dressing room behind a flat which leaned against the rear wall. He was found there by the manager, and although the company expressed their sorrow for him the manager unkindly called him by a bad name. He told P. Fitzhugh that after the mishap the curtain was rung down, and the audience dismissed, and that the whole thing was the biggest *fiasco* on record.

The leading juvenile said not a word. He washed the grease, paint and blood from his nose, and donning one of the many suits he had brought to the theater, went home by way of the back streets. The next afternoon he packed his belongings and left town.

As for Ashton, he slept that night as soundly and as peacefully as a babe. He was satisfied, and happy in his revenge. He kept his secret, and to this day the University Dramatic Association cannot imagine how the Hamlet trap happened to spring on the night of P. Fitzhugh Van Winkle's *debut*.

# WHY?

BY SHIRLEY W. SMITH.

In one corner of the little room sat a young man at an old table upon which a student's lamp was burning. It was a low-ceilinged, dingy little room, and the dim glow which filtered through the green lamp shade and hazily struggled toward the corners, seemed only to cast a pallor over the gloom instead of dispelling it.

A second look into the shadows would reveal a bed, a small stove in which a couple of coals could be seen to glow, and a big wooden rocker with one arm gone. A fragment of carpet served as a rug on the otherwise bare floor; and on the walls were stuck two or three indistinctly outlined chromos. Just at the base of the lamp a small circle was fairly light, and the red felt table cover, ink-stained and worn as it was, seemed to merit a second look for its cheerfulness. There were a few pens and an inkbottle by the lamp, and back against the wall a row of well-worn books.

The young man had evidently settled down for an evening's work. His coat and collar were off, and he was bending over a book open before him on the table. The bent posture, aided by the eyeshade which he wore, effectually hid his features.

Suddenly the silence was broken by

the sound of slow steps ascending a flight of uncarpeted stairs. The sound drew nearer, and as they stopped, the door opened before a young man wearing a waiter's white apron. Through the open door could be heard from below the soft, muffled clink of dishes under water, the jingling of knives and forks as they were thrown together, and the varying chatter of the girls as they worked. But the second young man came in and closed the door, and these sounds of after-supper activity ceased. The man at the desk looked up with a laconic "hello," and then bent over his book again. The other responded in an equally curt fashion, and took off his waiter's apron and hung it up. He had a young and handsome face, but there was a lonely look upon it which did not lessen as he glanced about him. The scene was evidently a familiar one. He went slowly over to the one-armed rocker and sat down.

As he sat there his thoughts went out beyond the dingy walls, and back to the time only a few weeks before when he had left his home for college, full of rosy anticipations. What if he would have to work his way? Others had done it before. Better men than he had worn patched clothes and why should he be ashamed of his? It would only be for four years anyway. But how different it all was in reality. He had not reckoned on loneliness. His clothes looked more old-fashioned and shabby than before he had seen them side by side with

the product of a college tailor. It was hard to go to classes with lessons unprepared for lack of time, and it took lots of time to tend a furnace, to sweep walks, to wait on table. Ah, if he could only have a fair chance!

As he thought on his spirits sank lower and lower, and even the dim light seemed to oppress him, for he shaded his eyes from it with his hand. Could he stand it four years? And if not that long, why at all? Wouldn't it be better to stop trying to move the mountain?

Then his reflections took another turn. Perhaps if he let study go for tonight he would feel more like it tomorrow. Why not go with some of the older fellows who had asked him to come out with them for "a little time" tonight? He didn't exactly know what they meant to do though he had heard them talking over their program for the evening with various vague references to "two or three cases," "pretty gay people," and other terms whose meaning he scarcely comprehended. Perhaps it wasn't exactly right, but no one would ever know about it. What was the use of being a mummy? Life was too short to spend it all in this little room. He would have just about time to get to the meeting place,—and an overwhelming desire to get away from himself and from his hard routine, and to experience something new, swept away all his scruples and he impulsively rose and reached for his hat.

Just then his companion picked up an-

other book and a letter which had lain beneath it, was revealed. With a glance at the address, he shoved it toward the edge of the table and went on with his work. The other saw it, turned away from the door, and approached the table. With a slight flush he seized the letter, tore open the envelope, and bending low to get the light on the paper, he read:—

"HOME, Sunday Night.

MY DEAR BOY—They have all gone to bed but me but I can't go till I let you hear from me for I know you'll want to. We are all pretty well except your father whose back bothered him a good deal today. He plowed all day yesterday and it was too much for him. He cant stand near so much as he used to before his hair was gray. He would send his love if he knew I was writing for hes just as proud of you as I am and thats saying a good deal. I think its the hardest trial he has that he cant send you through college himself. We all went to meeting today and Elder Nash gave us a splendid sermon, I wish you could have heard it. Lots of people asked me how you were getting along and were glad to hear you were doing so well, and wanted to be remembered to you. We had a good dinner and I wish you could have been here to set down with us. Old Shep misses you a good deal, I think. Sometimes Charley says to him "Wheres Bert?" and he will jump up and put his paws on the window, and whine as pitiful as can be. He will be so tickled he wont know

what to do when he sees you again and so will we all of us. Sometimes it seems as if I couldn't hardly wait for Christmas to come. I hope youll write as often as you can for we all like to hear from you. Your father always hitches up and goes to town Tuesday morning to get your Sunday letter and we miss it if it dont come. But we know your busy and we dont want you to write if you cant spare the time. Take good care of your health whatever you do and dont work to hard. I am afraid you do. I cant seem to realize that youre a man grown and I think about you off there all alone just as if you were a little boy yet. I like to think of you that way though and I dont believe you'll laugh at your mothers foolishness. Remember she loves you just as much as ever and wants you to make a splendid good man. Good night my boy, and may God bless you.

From your loving MOTHER."

Although the light did not grow any more dim, the reading seemed to proceed with increasing difficulty, and even when it was at last completed the reader stood staring at the leaves for several seconds. Finally he clumsily folded the letter and put it in his pocket. Picking up his hat, he hung it on the nail, and as his arm descended he drew his coat sleeve quickly across his eyes. Then, after an apprehensive glance at his absorbed companion, he drew the old, one-armed rocker up to the light, grasped a book from among those on the table, and sat down and opened it.

# BEFORE THE BALL.

BY SHIRLEY W. SMITH.

"There," said Elsa Davis, as she dropped a letter into the box. "I've invited him, even if there isn't the least chance of his being here. His last letter said he was working night and day, and of course he can't come this far just for a hop. Wish he would, though,," she added, half sighing.

But so strong was her conviction that he would not come that when her friend, Mr. Sherman Jones, the young lawyer, called next evening and offered himself as her escort for the hop, she had no hesitation in accepting him.

But alas for Elsie's prediction. The best laid schemes of women, as well as those of mice and men, gang aft a'gley. For about the time that she was telling Sherman that she would be 'very glad to accept his kind invitation,' Mr. Lewis Mason was sitting alone in his room a hundred and fifty miles away, and perusing her note, while a smile of satisfaction played upon his lips.

"Just the thing," he ejaculated, "examinations will be over Friday and next week work will be light. Yes, ma'am, nothing will suit me better, and you can count on yours truly," and he reached for a pen and paper.

A letter was hastily written, and Lewis, little knowing what a bombshell

such an epistle would prove handed it to one of the Freshmen attaches of his fraternity to mail. That worthy youth however, was too badly scared by the examinations with which he was struggling to pay much attention to a single letter, and the result was that when Uncle Sam's servants got possession of the letter, the best they could do did not suffice to place it in Elsa's hands until about one o'clock on the afternoon before the hop.

"He might have been courteous enough to have written a reply at once, even if he wasn't coming," she said to herself, in a rather pleasant mood, as she tore open the envelope. After one glance she gasped.

"My goodness! He's *coming*. On the four-thirty train, and wants me to be at the depot if I can. What can I do? What will he think of me? I must tell Mr. Jones at once. But—what will *he* think of me?"

For half an hour she sat and thought, but she could see but one practicable way out of it.

"My first duty is to Lewis," she thought, "and if Mr. Jones is angry I can't blame him. It's my own fault."

So she put on her wraps, and with a look on her face such as each of the celebrated six hundred who charged at Balaklava is supposed to have worn, she started for Mr. Jones' office. It wouldn't have been so bad if it had been anywhere but an office that she must meet him.

Slowly she mounted the stairs and entered the room.

Worse and worse. Mr. Jones was not in. He was out of town. "But," said the pretty typewriter, of whom she got her information and who evidently saw in Elsa some excited client, "He said he had an engagement tonight," and would surely be back on the last train from the east. That comes at four-thirty. If your business is important, you could catch him at that depot."

If she had been in the frying pan before, now she was in the midst of the fire. What was to be done? In sheer despair she started for the depot, unreasonably hoping that one of them might have missed the train, or that in some way or other, she couldn't imagine how, the affair might settle itself when she met her victims face to face.

On the train, which she awaited, crowded and uncomfortable though it was, Lewis who so far had had a whole seat to himself, had been lost in pleasant anticipations of the evening before him. He was eying his dress suit case with a complacent smile, when the train pulled into a small station, and Mr. Sherman Jones, whom Lewis couldn't have distinguished from the late lamented Adam, entered the car and made for the vacant seat beside him. Lewis was tired of reading, and his new seatmate had nothing to read so in the course of a few minutes a conversation started up. Beginning with that eminently diplomatic subject, the weather, it works along up

through the Venezuelan dispute, the silver question, the new photographic discovery, until Lewis incidentally mentioned the fact that his home was at Marshall Creek.

"That so?" said Sherman with a perceptible increase of interest. "One of the young ladies of my acquaintance in the Rapids, spent last summer there."

"Do you mean Miss Davis?" said Lewis, sitting up straighter than he had for the last fifty miles.

"Yes, Elsa Davis."

"Why, of course I know her. We were in the same camping party at Grand Lake last summer."

Sherman took a rapid glance at the initials on the ends of the dress suit case.

"Is your name Mason?" he asked, "Lewis Mason. If it is I've heard of you before. My name is Jones."

"Sherman Jones?"

"That's it."

"Is that so? Well, well, I know *you* too. Shake hands, old man, I'm glad to see you," and their greetings were so loud that a deaf old lady three seats away turned round to scowl at them.

The conversation ran on enthusiastically for about five minutes when Jones cordially remarked:

"There's to be a hop at the Armory tonight. If you're going to be in the city, come up and I'll see that you have a good time."

"Thank you very much, but that hop is just what I am going down for. Fact is, I have a special invitation from Elsa

Davis herself. I presume we'll find her at the depot."

Mr. Sherman Jones was astonished. All he could do was to squirm around in his seat and blurt out "What?" with an inflection in which surprise, astonishment, confusion, and indignation were indescribably blended.

It was now Lewis' turn to be puzzled, and he repeated his remark while he stared at his seatmate in blank amazement.

"Well, I'll be hanged," exclaimed the now purple countenanced Jones. "She promised to go with *me*."

"Go with you? Why I've her invitation in my pocket."

"And I've got a bill from the florist for flowers I ordered sent up there tonight."

"Thunder. Why, I wrote her a week ago I'd be here. When did you see her last?" and Mason's forehead lost some of its frown as he thought he saw a clue to the mystery.

"Yesterday morning."

The frown came back in all its original grandeur. Then each one ventured one conjecture after another. At last Jones queried:

"Did you mail your letter yourself?"

"No, I didn't. I gave it to one of the boys at the house to drop in the box. I'll bet he forgot it, confound him. But I asked him this morning if he had mailed it and he said he had."

"Well, he probably sent it about yesterday."

"How do you suppose she feels if she has received it?" inquired Jones.

"I don't know. If it makes her as dizzy as it does me, I feel sorry for her."

"Well, maybe the boy lied to you, and she hasn't got it at all."

"That's so. Worse and worse,"—and poor Mason leaned back against the seat, the perspiring picture of despair. At last he said:

"Well, if I thought she hadn't got my letter, I'd sneak back home by the next train."

"Didn't you say you asked her to meet you at the depot?"

"Yes."

"Well, if she got it, she'll be there to meet you probably. Now I'll tell you what we'll do. She doesn't know I'm on the train. I'll keep shy for a few minutes when we get into the station, and if she's there to meet you, why you explain the matter and tell her I release her from her engagement tonight.—and she can keep the flowers. If she isn't there, that'll show she hasn't got your letter."

"And I'll leave the field to you."

So it was settled.

* * *

About half an hour later, Mr. Sherman Jones, lawyer, boarded a street car which was going up town from the depot. He was alone. His face wore a rather gloomy expression and he was muttering softly to himself, "The papers in that insurance case ought to be made out tonight, anyway. Perhaps it is a good thing it happened, after all."

# THE TALE OF A COAT.

BY WADE WARREN THAYER.

It certainly was not one's ideal of a college room, and to tell the truth, with its bareness and lack of ornament, it required rather a stretch of the imagination to call it even comfortable. So at least thought its owner as he leaned back in his chair and, with hands clasped behind his head, discontentedly took stock of its meagre appointments. A study table, strewn with books and papers, a washstand over which hung a diminutive cracked looking-glass, a small bed, and a little box stove, comprised with one or two chairs, the whole furniture; the floor was covered with a rag carpet—that abomination of the student heart—and the windows were bare of all but the usual roller curtains the kind that positively will not roll up when you wish, and then, when you are least expecting it, go off with a bang and shoot up out of reach.

Jackson rose with a yawn from his table, and going to the window looked down into the street. It was growing late in the evening and a brilliant moon was in the sky, turning night almost into day. There was a decided suggestion of the coming winter in the air and the passers-by were warmly bundled up in coats and wraps. Jackson noticed this

fact and a bitter smile crossed his face as he turned from the window to the corner where hung his own overcoat on one of a row of pegs from which depended his scanty wardrobe.

"Winter is coming on early this year," he said to himself thoughtfully. "And goodness knows what I am going to do. I suppose I've got to get along all winter with that old thing."

He went to the corner and carefully removed the coat from its hook. It certainly needed careful handling for it had long since seen its best days and looked now as if the slightest ill--usage would be the end of it. The fabric was worn dangerously thin and shiny in places and its original black color, as shown under the lapel of the collar, had faded now to a dingy brown. Jackson looked it over meditatively, shaking his head over the thin places at the elbows, and then, with a sigh, he hung it tenderly in its place.

"It doesn't look very much as though it would last through the winter," he said ruefully. "But I don't see how I can get another just at present." Then he added with decision, "There's no use thinking about it; I can't get a new one and there's an end of it."

He went to the window again and stood idly drumming on the panes and looking absently at the lights opposite, which streamed in a yellow flood from the broad, lace-curtained windows, making a warm spot just there in bold contrast to the cold steely light which was shed over all by the sailing moon. Down

the street he heard a crowd of students singing a jolly marching song, their voices sounding rich and mellow in the distance. He threw up the sash, and forgetful of the cold of the night, seated himself upon the sill that he might hear the better. The singers came nearer, their voices swelling grandly on the night, and then, turning some distant corner, gradually the song died away. Jackson listened intently until the last echoing note was still and then he heaved a deep, regretful sigh. What music is grander, more thrilling, more humanly harmonious, than a chorus of men's voices, softened and mellowed by distance, as now, and borne to the listener through the peaceful calm of the moonlit night.

"This is too glorious an evening to remain indoors," exclaimed Jackson, aloud. "I believe I'll take a walk around the campus, for I don't feel in the least like studying."

He closed the window and taking his hat, he started to blow out the light; then remembering the coldness of the night he paused, and going to the corner, he took down his overcoat and drew it carefully on.

"I might as well wear it, for no one will notice it in the moonlight," he said to himself, and then he added with a gesture of scorn at his moral cowardice, "What is the use of talking like that? I haven't anything better and I don't want to freeze, so I might as well get used to wearing this coat first as last."

He hastened through the hall where still lingered the odors of the evening's cooking, down the dark and narrow stairway and so out into the night. As he closed the door the University clock began to strike eleven, its deep, full tones sounding clear and melodious through the crisp air. As it finished Johnson heard the court house clock strike, its discordant bell pealing out the hour hurriedly and fussily in sharp contrast to the stately and measured toll of the other, like the bark of a little terrier snapping at the heels of a great mastiff.

Not a cloud was in the sky tonight and the moon looked down upon the city, casting weird and ghostly shadows through the frost-bitten leaves of the trees. Our friend walked briskly in the direction of the campus, and reaching it, he strolled down the long walk past University Hall. Never is this grand old building seen at better advantage than on such a night as this; the lofty dome was bathed in a brilliant flood of moonlight, and each jutting cornice and projecting gable seemed to catch and reflect the light into other shaded corners and angles while the great many-windowed front below, steeped in inky blackness added a solemn and gloomy dignity to the structure. Jackson paused for a moment charmed bv the beauty of the scene, and then hearing the faint sounds of music from the other end of the campus he walked slowly on.

The fraternity houses were all ablaze with light this Friday evening, and at

one of them a large house party was now in full swing. The long French windows were thrown wide open, for, with the brilliant lights and the throngs of merry dancers it was very warm within. So thought Frank Brunson and Arthur Fletcher, for, tired for the present of dancing. they had slipped out to get a breath of fresh air and smoke a cigarette or two.

"Haven't got a match in your clothes, have you, old man?" asked the former, as he rolled his cigarette between thumb and forefinger preparatory to lighting it.

"No, I haven't, I'm sorrv to say," returned Fletcher, searching vainly through his pockets for that necessary article—an exceedingly scarce one abou. college.

"Well, then I guess I'll have to use one of my own," Brunson continued with a comical sigh. "Hate to, though, for my stock is running low and the fellows I used to borrow from are dead onto me now, so the minute I go into a room some one makes a grab for the match-box and puts it under lock and key. I'll have to go and buy some, pretty quick, if I don't make a raise somewhere."

The other laughed, and lighting up they strolled in silence down the sidewalk, the glory of the night stealing into their veins and the cool air and fragrant tobacco acting together to produce a calm enjoyment that made words unnecessary. Presently they turned about and returning slowly to the house, they

stood for a moment under the shade of the trees looking at the pretty scene within. A two-step was in progress and a charming sight it was to look upon.

The two friends had thrown away their cigarettes and were on the point of returning within when a figure appeared from the semi-darkness of the trees and a man dressed in a rather shabby overcoat walked across the lawn and, stepping directly in front of one of the long windows, stood gazing in, as if fascinated.

"Who can that be, I wonder?" said Fletcher, in a subdued tone though the music from within made caution unnecessary.

"Some fellow who has been attracted by the music and who likes to watch the dancing," Brunson added carelessly. Then he added, rather flippantly, "He cuts rather a different figure from the crowd in there, doesn't he? Might call it a picture of 'Wealth and Poverty,' or something like that. Let's go in, I'm freezing out here in these light clothes."

He made a step forward, but at that moment Fletcher, animated by a sudden impulse and a mischievious look coming into his eyes, caught him by the shoulder and halting him, whispered a laughing word or two in his ear. Brunson stopped, and as he listened broke into a broad smile.

"We could do it easily and what a sensation it would create! Let's do it," he whispered back.

Settling their caps firmly on their

heads, they stole noiselessly across the lawn toward the unsuspecting stranger, and before he could say a word or even utter a sound, the two seized him, one on each side, and lifting him they tossed him bodily through the low open window into the very midst of the throng of dancers! So quick had been their attack and so strong and sure their throw, that he struck firm and erect upon his feet; but alas! the polished floor and the momentum he had acquired were too much for him, his feet slipped and wildly clutching at the air he fell, with a yell of dismay, to the floor. The music stopped with a crash and the dancers, astonished at this sudden apparition, crowded around the stranger. Horror-stricken at his position, that unfortunate sat for an instant too bewildered to move, then with frantic haste, he leaped to his feet and brushing aside those in his way he plunged out of the window again and disappeared like a shot around the corner.

Brunson and Fletcher, who had retired to the protecting shade of the trees and from there had watched the effect of their practical joke, laughed long and loud at the spectacle, then the latter, turning to his companion, held something out to him.

"What do you think of that, Frank?" he said, ruefully. "A souvenir of this adventure that we hardly bargained for. When I grabbed him just now, I caught him by the pocket of his overcoat and

before I could let go—rip—this came off in my hand."

"By George, it's almost the whole tail of his coat!" cried Brunson, as he examined it. "The thing is ruined, of course, and without doubt it was the only one he had, too."

"What's more, I know who the owner is," the other continued. "It is Jackson, '99. He is in our Pol. Ec. class, you know, and he is a mighty pleasant chap but poor as Job's turkey. What shall we do about it?"

The two talked for a few moments in low tones, then Fletcher thrust the piece of cloth in his pocket and the friends went around the house and sneaking in the back door, in order to avert suspicion, they joined the dancers as though nothing had happened.

Monday morning was raw and cold, and the crowd which usually gathers about the entrance to Tappan Hall between recitations lingered there but for a moment and then dispersed. Brunson and Fletcher had a lecture in political economy at nine and when the hour struck they entered the building together and proceeded at once to the lecture room. As they drew off their overcoats and settled themselves in their seats they both kept a sharp eye on the doorways as if expecting some one. Presently Jackson came in, looking blue with the cold, for he wore no overcoat, and as he entered the room the two friends exchanged glances of intelligence. He sat down in the seat in front of them and

with a nod to the man next him he opened his lecture book and began glancing over his notes. Fletcher leaned forward and with his elbows on Jackson's seat began to talk with the man next him.

"Queer thing happened at our house party, Friday night," he said. "In the middle of one of the dances, without the slightest word of warning, somebody jumped or fell through one of the open windows right into the middle of the floor. Then before anyone could say a word he scrambled up and bolted through the window again. It created quite a sensation for awhile."

"Well, I should think it would," returned the other. "Who could it have been, and what was he after?"

"I'm sure I can't guess. His hat had fallen down half over his eyes, and he was up and away so quick that no one saw his face."

"But didn't he leave some trace of his identity behind him?" put in Jackson, who had been listening to what was said.

"Well, yes," Fletcher answered. "He must have torn his coat on the window-blind, for one of the fellows found a piece of cloth that looked like the tail of a coat, out there afterwards."

"Well, I call it a pretty queer proceeding, for my part," remarked Jackson's neighbor.

"And for my part," broke out Jackson, with a keen glance at Fletcher, "I call it an outrage—an unmitigated outrage!"

But just then the professor entered and

proceeding at once with his lecture, all were soon engaged in taking notes, none more busily than Jackson, who with a scarcely perceptible flush on his face hardly lifted his eyes from his note-book during the whole hour. At the close of the lecture he collected his books and hurried immediately from the room. Bronson and Fletcher gathered together their belongings in more leisurely manner and were among the last to leave the building. At the corner of the campus they stopped and seemed to be discussing something earnestly. Finally the former handed his notebooks to his chum and boarded a down-town car while Fletcher walked briskly towards their rooms.

Monday was Jackson's busiest day; after political economy lecture he had one in psychology in the north wing of University Hall, then a Latin recitation in Room E, and immediately after lunch came mathematics, so it was nearly mid-afternoon before he returned to his dingy little room. As he climbed the stairs and passed through the ill-smelling hallway he was feeling tired and used up by his day's work, so on entering the room he threw his books down on the table and turned to the bed to lie down for a few moments. But what was his surprise to find resting there a large, flat box, done up securely in express paper. He was not expecting a package from home, so he was at a loss to account for its presence there. But there was his

name on the box, in an unfamiliar but strong and business-like handwriting:

MR. ALBERT H. JACKSON,
129 Maynard Street,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Puzzled, he stood for a moment gazing at the package, then, unable to solve the mystery, he fell to and began to untie the knots; removing the paper, a strongly made tailor's box was disclosed. Hurriedly he lifted the cover and there, lying nicely folded in its snug quarters, was a beautiful, dark-blue, winter overcoat, with a wide velvet collar—the very kind he had wished a dozen times he might own! For an instant he hesitated, then with feverish haste he lifted it from its box, and carefully drew it on. It fitted splendidly and buttoning it with fingers trembling with excitement, he stood before his little cracked mirror, trying to get the effect. There was a slight bulging in one of the pockets and plunging his hand to the bottom of its luxurious depths, he drew forth a large envelope. He tore it open quickly and out fell a card with a few words written upon it, and—the missing tail of his coat! Stooping he picked up the card and read the words thereon:

"May this serve in some degree to lessen the enormity of an offense that in its inception was intended to be only a practical joke, and may you in the future think a little less harshly of

THE PERPETRATORS OF THE OUTRAGE."

# THE BEGINNING OF THE HOUSE OF STEVENSON.

BY ARTHUR MAURICE SMITH.

"I'm an old dog," said His Highness, "but I can learn new tricks."

"Very true, your Highness," assented his Prime Minister.

"Do you dare call me a dog?" shouted the King wrathfully.

"I only meant, your Highness, that your Highness was capable of learning anything, even new tricks," and the Minister bowed very low.

"Very well, sir. Then see that the decree is drawn up."

"But, your Highness, is it not running a great risk?"

"Oddscuttlefish! Don't they do it in America?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"And what America can do, we can do in Alferia. It will be a great reform and we need it. Let the decree be widely proclaimed, and be expeditious," he added with a wave of his hand, whereat the Prime Minister bowed himself out.

So it came about that the royal decree, commanding that every man, woman and child in all the realm, saving only infants in arms, should on New Year's Day make a new resolution to be kept inviolate and unbroken for the period of at least one week on pain of death, was

proclaimed throughout Alferia. It was printed in the journals with an illuminated heading. It was shouted in the rural districts by heralds in the King's livery till every town and hamlet had heard of the King's caprice.

"Your Highness," ventured the Prime Minister at the end of the week, "how shall we know that the decree has been obeyed?"

His Highness had not considered the possibility of its not being obeyed. He drummed on the table with his fingers.

"This is very vexatious," he said. "It's a great pity that my head should be obliged to do for the whole kingdom. Give me time to think. Call this afternoon at four."

By four His Highness had selected his method.

"Of course there is but one way," he said. "Let the Officers of the Census go about and inquire. Let them be accompanied by my body-guard to bring back the delinquents. They shall be further attended by the Sheriff to administer oath, so that none shall dare lie out of it. Let them be despatched at once."

So the King's officers went forth on the King's errand and were kept busily employed, as we shall see.

In the afternoon of the third day, the Keeper of the Dungeons was announced to the King.

"Well," said His Highness, assuming a royal posture.

"Your Highness," said the Keeper, "the dungeons are full."

"Full of what? Malaria?" queried the facetious monarch.

"Prisoners, your Highness."

"What for?"

"Your decree, your Highness."

"Oddscuttlefish!" said His Highness, (it was his favorite oath). Have they dared disobey me?"

"So it would seem, your Highness, and unless we begin execution tomorrow, I can accommodate no more. Moreover, your Highness, if you will pardon my mentioning it, if they continue to arrive at the present rate, there will not be cells enough in the realm to keep them nor graves enough in the kingdom to hold their bodies."

"This is a deuced bore," and His Highness' brow was wrinkled. "Call in the Prime Minister."

As the Keeper of the Dungeons passed out to summon that dignitary, the footman announced a messenger from the Sheriff.

"Well," said His Highness, "what now?"

"This, your Highness," the man replied, placing a letter in his hand.

His Highness broke the seal. It ran as follows:

"May Heaven preserve your Highness:

"For three days have we traversed your kingdom, placing under arrest all those who confess to having violated your royal decree. We have by expedition covered well-nigh half the realm, and as yet not one person have we found who can swear that he

has obeyed your Highness' commands. The dungeons are full to overflowing and another batch of prisoners departs for the capital at the moment of this writing. Your Highness, in his wisdom, will discern the strait in which we are. I await your Highness' further commands.

"Your most humble and obedient servitor,

[Signed] "LORD HIGH SHERIFF."

His Highness was dumbfounded.

"This is annoying in the extreme," he said.

At that moment the Prime Minister entered. The King dismissed the messenger and bade the Prime Minister be seated.

"Well, my lord," said His Highness, seating himself on the edge of the table, "you have heard?"

"Yes, your Highness," and there he stopped.

"This is wearisome," said His Highness. "What can be done?"

The Prime Minister remained silent and the King at length answered his own question.

"I shall issue a proclamation summoning to appear in my presence the few who have obeyed my decree. See that it is done without delay. It will be the more expeditious course. And at the same time let the Lord High Sheriff be recalled temporarily. We can hardly behead the whole kingdom"

So the second decree was proclaimed

and published, and the King waited for some one to appear in answer to it. At length on the fourth day, when he had grown quite weary of waiting, a stranger presented himself at the court and desired to be announced to the King. The footman carried in his card. His Highness read:

MR. ROGER STEVENSON,

and bade him be shown in. A young man appeared, a comely young man dressed as few inhabitants of Alferia dressed but nevertheless comely and handsome.

"What is your request?" asked His Highness.

"You summoned me," answered the young man.

"I summoned you? Oh," as he began to see more clearly, "are you the only one?"

"So it appears, your Highness."

"Will you take your oath that your resolution has been kept?"

"With pleasure, your Highness," and he raised his right hand.

"Sir," said the King, "I shall reward you as man was never before rewarded in my kingdom. Name what you wish. You shall sit at my right hand. I am an old man and need support. But stay! Let me ask what was your resolution?"

The young man hesitated. He smiled faintly and then answered with a sidelong wink. "Your Highness, I resolved not to resolve."

His Highness frowned for a moment, but only for a moment. Then he said softly as if to himself, "There is in my whole kingdom one clever man, and it is not the King, either," and turning suddenly he said, "As I said, I am an old man and well-nigh through reigning, and who better to take my place than you? Tomorrow you shall ascend the throne, and rule in my stead. That is my third decree."

He stepped to the door and called to the Prime Minister:

"Go," he said, "revoke my first decree, publish my third decree and let the new King be proclaimed. Bow, sir, to your monarch, King ———," and he glanced at the card, "King Roger Stevenson, sir. May Heaven long preserve your Highness, King Stevenson, the First!" he added, bowing very low.

And that is how the house of Stevenson began its rule in the Kingdom of Alferia.

# BETWEEN SEMESTERS.

BY HARRIETTE HARLAN.

It was all very pretty in theory for Amelia to like me better than any one else. But I had always been as prudent about leading her to think so as any young college man is apt to be prudent with an awfully fascinating girl.

So when Amelia came out at Jay Hop time last year, and incidentally, these tragic people do it that way, told me the state of her feelings, I knew that something must be done immediately.

A fellow is lucky if he has a girl confidante upon whose *finesse* he can rely while yet sure that she will not tell all she knows. Such a friend I had in Ann Merrick. Sometimes I even thought she was the only sweetheart I ever wanted. But Ann was always so sensible that I had never happened to tell her so—and then, there was Herrick Marston. He saw more of her, if that was possible, than I did. How that child ever got her lessons is a wonder, yet she was always excused from examinations when we had to take them. But that isn't to the point.

The eventful night of the Junior Hop was come. The Gvmnasium was brilliant with a thousand twinkling lights. The floor was thronged with dancers. I had hurt my ankle in the last dance and George Morris coming up just at the op-

portune time had taken Amelia off for the rest of the dance. Here they come now. The soft folds of her lavendar silk rippling as she walked. Her small head was held imperiously and her dark blue eyes were sparkling with excitement.

They did not notice me as I stood just inside our booth. George was saying, "It is so very nice. You and Gerald will be very happy when you are married." Amelia sighed and said, "Yes, *when we are,* but our engagement isn't announced yet, even. But then Gerald said he would tell the people tomorrow."

O, how the blood tingled in my veins and I longed to run away. But I was determined that the fellows should not hear such an announcement. Just because I had chosen to be more than civil to Amelia was no reason why she should act like this.

I was standing bewildered, when a vision of a fair-haired girl radiant in a soft white gown came floating before me. I knew in a flash that Ann Merrick would rescue me. She knew Amelia and did not particularly sanction my taste in asking her to the Hop.

Here came Ann now, leaning in her half-defiant way upon Herrick Marston's arm. O, joy of joys, upon consulting my program I found I had the next dance with her. Marston scowled as she turned toward me with a genial smile. The music had already commenced and I followed Ann over to the

booth where she was to be. She sat keeping time with her white-slippered right foot, while the left was rested carelessly on the lowest rung of her chair.

She gave me a quick look and said, "Let's not dance, Gerald, I am so tired." So we sat there, a little apart from the chaperone. Do not think me a hypocrite if I felt at that moment that I loved Ann Merrick and told her so somewhat abruptly.

Upon first impulse she started as though to seek some escape, then she sat back comfortably. "Don't be foolish, Gerald, you are not ready to say such things yet; and," she added, with a sigh, "you know so many nice girls." But with that intuition which was always so comfortable, she realized the trouble in my face and leaning forward, said in a quick whisper, "Gerald, you are not engaged to Amelia?"

"No," I said passionately, "That's just it. I wish you would help me out." Her merry laughter always did me good. She laughed then.

"Well, Gerald, you persuade George to take her to your House Party tomorrow night. I will go with you and we will make them all understand that Amelia was mistaken. No, I can't prejudice Mr. Marston, for"—and I would like to feel that Ann blushes that way sometimes at thought of me—"he has been very kind."

Ann's plan was adopted. I did take her the next evening. Our apparent de-

votion to each other surprised the boys, and put them on the alert. When Ann came down later in the evening, wearing my frat pin jauntily stuck into her satin collar and a solitaire gleaming on her left third finger, Amelia gave up all pretence to gayety. Harold Joslyne found Amelia standing alone before a long mirror in the hall when he sought her for a dance. "The game is up, Harold," she said, turning passionately to him, "and I didn't win. But I shall survive. Indeed I am almost glad, for it was too exciting."

Of course the fellows pounced upon me for explanation when I came in that night. But when I showed them my frat pin on my vest and drew the solitaire from a velvet case in my pocket, they simply laughed and declared that Ann was a trump.

Amelia had a grand wedding the other day down in New York. Of course I shall write congratulations.

Ann always laughs at me when I try to be serious, and although the affair with Herrick Marston is off, or never was on, I shall have great difficulty in convincing her that Gerald Burbank serves her alone.

And she may never be convinced. But while there is life there is hope.

# THE HONOR OF A DUKE.

BY ARTHUR MAURICE SMITH.

Sir Fitz James Bearfax, Duke of Piddleton, had enough blue blood in his veins to flood all England. Though the worthy house had lost its wealth by reckless speculation, Milord Bearfax never forgot that he still held a title, no matter to what extremes of poverty he should be reduced, and all his deportment was governed by his conception of ducal duties. It is true that his daughter Clarinda, because her fond uncle had bequeathed his titled estates to her was Duchess of Caraway, but one duchy in those days was not sufficient to support a duke and two duchesses. Clarinda and her father agreed that the Duchy of Caraway ought to be united to some opulent house. The only trouble with young Roderic Toppleton was that, although Clarinda loved him, he was neither duke, earl nor knight, though possessed of more than his share of worldly goods, and a veritable Beau Brummel besides. The fact that some inexplicable hitch in his ancestral line had left him untitled was regretted by none so keenly as by Sir Fitz James. It was really inconsistent with his ideas of the ducal station to have anything to do with a gentleman without rank. A title was not to be found on every bush, and Clarinda and

her father, as well as the Duchess of Piddleton herself, ordinarily a crafty schemer, had to admit that Toppleton must be put off for a time at least.

One bright afternoon this young lover tripped lightly up the broad steps of the ancestral home of the Bearfaxes and pushed the button. Then he leisurely scanned his faultless attire. He had on a new doublet, of the most recent cut, wore the very latest stripes in hose and his red velvet cloak had but just come from the tailor's. Tipping his broad felt hat jauntily to one side so that the ostrich-plume brushed his cheek, he rested his gauntleted hand on the hilt of his sword and waited. Now it happened that this afternoon the Piddleton footman was suffering from an attack of the gout, to that the stately Sir Fitz James answered the door in person. Chagrined to find himself holding open a door for an untitled man, and naturally choleric, his rage got the better of him, and whirling young Toppleton about without a word of explanation or apology, he assisted the young gallant the whole length of the steps. Then slamming the door behind him he went back to his pipe.

Young Toppleton presented a woeful spectacle sitting sprawled out on the pavement bareheaded, his cloak disarranged, and his new sword bent double by his fall. Mr. Roderic Toppleton, however, never forgot that he was a gentleman and as such he knew of but one way of redress. Taking one of his

cards he wrote beneath his name, "Pistols for two, coffee for one," slipped it under the door and smoothing his disordered doublet, sauntered up the street humming "God save the Queen."

When Milord, the Duke of Piddleton, found this card and perused the significant words, he grew very red in the face and swore that Roderic Toppleton should not see the light of another day. His rage ended in perplexity, however, when he reflected that ducal etiquette would not permit him to fight a duel with a Toppleton, a titleless man. The expediency of ignoring the challenge suggested itself, but, should he do so, he would be branded as a coward.

"What'll I do?" he groaned helplessly. To be obliged to fight, when to fight was impossible, was indeed a perplexing case. He consulted his worthy wife.

"Get him a title," she suggested. But getting him a title was not so easy. Roderic could not be made into Sir Roderic or Milord Roderic by a wave of the Piddleton hand. Sir Fitz pondered in his chamber that night on the problem and very nearly gave it up as impossible of solution, but about three in the morning he sat bolt upright in bed and awakened his sleepy spouse.

"What on earth's the matter, Fitz Jim, are there burglars in the house?"

"No, Dulcina, but I've got it."

"Got what, the small-pox?"

"No, no, the title. Toppleton must marry Clarinda. I never thought of

that before. Don't you see, she can transfer her title to him and he'll be a duke and then—," but Dulcina was already snoring, so Sir Bearfax placed his smiling visage on his pillow once more and dreamed that he was running a title and coronet store on the Strand.

The Duke, very considerate, did not inform Clarinda that he proposed shooting her husband the moment they were married, so that Clarinda received the title-procuring plan with ecstacy and ordered her trousseau. Roderic was notified of the willingness of the house of Caraway to unite with that of Toppleton and he lost no time. Within a fortnight a venerable but bald-headed bishop placed the fluttering hand of the fair Clarinda in the palm of the handsome Roderic and made him the husband of a Duchess and her the wife of a Duke. The estates were duly transferred, the title conferred. Clarinda was radiant, Roderic smiling, and the Duchess of Piddleton frightened at the outcome of it all. The old Duke chuckled in his sleeve and strutted about as if he were already the hero of forty duels. With the picture before him of a moonlit night in a dark forest, two horses, two seconds, pistols, *et cetera,* he summoned Sir Roderic Toppleton, Duke of Caraway, to his privy chamber.

"Now, Milord," he began, abruptly, "I accept your challenge."

"My challenge!" exclaimed the astounded Roderic. "Oh, yes, I did chal-

lenge you, didn't I. But, my dear Duke, I can't fight with my father-in-law."

"Father-in-law, fiddlesticks," interrupted Sir Fitz James. "I insulted you. You challenged. I couldn't accept before. Now I do. What'll it be,—pistols?"

"Why, hang it, Milord, what will people say if you shoot your son-in-law? And if you do, what's to prevent my bequeathing the Duchy of Caraway to somebody else, and leaving your daughter penniless? And as to the challenge," he added generously, "my dear Piddleton, I retract that."

This was a new aspect of the case. Bearfax was bewildered. It really wouldn't be very nice in a duke to kill his son-in-law, he admitted. What a fool he had been! Here he had created a duke to kill him, and now he couldn't kill him, nor remove his title. Besides, he couldn't let the Duchy of Caraway leave the family. That was out of the question. Here was a quandary worse than the first. He doubted if he were acting according to Chesterfield's Code of Ducal Duties. He would leave some blot on the Piddleton escutcheon if he didn't fight. But how could he fight if Toppleton retracted? Then there was the Duchy. Sir Roderic was waiting patiently. There was really only one thing—

"Sav, Rod," he sprang up and grasped Toppleton by the shoulders, "Say, Rod,

a duke can apologize to a duke, can't he?"

"I don't see why not," agreed the younger Duke.

"Well, then," said Fitz James, dignified once more, "Milord Duke of Caraway, I apologize to you, sir, for my unseemly conduct and insult to your person, and trust that you bear me no ill-will."

The blot on the family escutcheon disappeared.

"Why, surely not," readily acquiesced Sir Roderic, "and now if we're square let's have a mint julep or so."

As the Duke of Piddleton and the Duke of Caraway stalked majestically out on each other's ducal arms, Fitz James turned and whispered in Sir Roderic's ducal ear, adding, "I saved your life, you know." And of course, Sir Roderic Toppleton, Duke of Caraway, thankful for his life and good fortune, and feeling in duty bound to remunerate, produced the five-pound note without remonstrance.

# THE END OF A LONG LANE.

BY KATHERINE H. BROWN.

"This is your room," said the landlady, as she pushed open the door to what seemed little more than a good-sized closet, ill-furnished and dimly lighted by one small window. "I know it's up considerable stairs, and it's rather small, but then fifty cents a week is awful reasonable, specially in Chicago. You won't have no neighbors except old Miss Rachel, what sews fur across the hall, an' you kin furnish your own lamp, and if you want anything else let me know."

"There is nothing else," returned Stephanie. She set her telescope in a corner, and dropped into a chair by the grimy window. The landlady, after watching her curiously for a moment, went away.

It was cold and dark everywhere that day; the chill and gloom seemed to Stephanie, to be concentrated in this box of a bedroom. "Regular prophet's chamber," she remarked, surveying it. Then she turned her attention to the window. Nothing to be seen but a row of muddy courts with a dirty alley behind, beyond which rose another row of brick tenements, tall, staring, hideous, scarred with wooden stairways. But even the despairing ugliness of the sight had no

interest for Stephanie: she looked through the glass with eyes blinded by miserable homesick tears.

"Oh, I never dreamed Chicago would be so horrible!" she moaned to herself. "Think of it, three weeks yesterday since I came, and nobody wants a governess or a French teacher or a secretary or anything! To be sure, my advertisement has only been in a week, but then I've answered every "Wanted" that has come up for nearly a month, and nobody has paid any attention to me, and I can't borrow any more, and if I can't get a position——" Her voice broke in a sob. Then she shut her teeth, and pulled herself erect in her chair.

"John Doe, I'm ashamed of you!" she remarked severely. "How much money have you got?"

It was hardly worth while to count it; two two-dollar bills, a fifty cent piece and a Canadian dime. Stephanie regarded the dime critically. "I ought to have gotten rid of it before I left Ann Arbor," she considered, gravely. "Probably it is depreciated to eight cents now—or below par, I mean. Seems to me I'm a little below par myself. What is it? Come in!"

Someone fumbled with the door a moment, then it swung open, and Stephanie stared with round eyes at the queerest little old lady she had ever seen. Her face was thin and wrinkled, like a last year's apple; a round muslin cap, set askew on her closely cropped gray head, gave her a quaintly rakish air; but the

eyes that beamed from under the brass-bound spectacles were so tender and so kindly that Stephanie felt drawn to her at once.

"I'm Rachel," she said in a soft little voice, full of falling reflections, that seemed to suit exactly with the Quakeress gown and the prim little air. "I came across to see if I could do anything for thee, dear. I know thee's strange here."

Stephanie's chin quivered, but she smiled back bravely. "Yes, I'm trying to get a position to teach," she said, steadily. "My name is Stephanie D'Arthenay."

Miss Rachel looked non-plussed. "Stephanie?" she repeated blundering over it.

"Yes. I'm French you know,—it's a very hard name to say," she explained, hastily. "You may call me John Doe, if you wish. They called me that at school."

"John Doe?"

"They thought Stephanie took too much time to say. We all had nicknames anyway."

"Well, then, my little John Doe, won't thee come and stay in my room awhile? It's warmer than this one, and it would be a great pleasure to have thee."

Stephanie followed her obediently down the hall. It seemed as though tne dismal house had grown lighter and warmer with the appearance of the gentle little visitor.

"I live alone, too," she said, as she

drew Stephanie into her room. "So thee may understand that company is much satisfaction to me. Now I'm going to put thee right here by my little fire, and thee's going to tell me about thy school while I sew."

She lifted a pile of bits of fur from a basket and laid them in her lap. "I'm making a muff from these scraps of seal," she explained. "They are tiny pieces, but they all count. Sometimes I hope that I shall have large pieces to work on. But till then I work with these. It is as well. Sometime my lane willl turn, too. Tell me about thy lane, my dear. Is it a long one?"

Then Stephanie burst out with the whole discouraging story; the loss of her little property through a careless guardian; the need for her to earn her own living; her abandonment of a college course, and the consequent miserable hunt for a position.

"Thee hasn't any friends here, dear?"

"Yes-er, no-not one." The firelight began to swim before her eyes.

"Well, don't thee mind. It will all come right, and thee's to have tea with me, and to-morrow thee can start out rested and succeed better."

The motherly gentleness soothed and comforted the girl beyond words. She ate and drank of the simple food set before her with hearty enjoyment. It seemed a little like the far away "good times" and spreads at school. She roused herself with the determination to be entertaining, and delighted her little

hostess with tales of all sorts of gay adventures "at the house."

"It was hard for thee, to leave thy young friends," murmured Miss Rachel, trimming carefully at a strip of fur. "Did none of them have friends here, to whom they could refer thee?"

She was not looking closely at the girl, and did not notice the sudden flare of color that rose in her face.

"Well, yes," she answered, reluctantly. "But—I can't go there."

"Indeed! Why not?"

Stephanie's face was scarlet now. "I can't think of it," she said in a low tone. "It's impossible."

"But thee's tried everything else."

Stephanie sprang up hastily. "It's late, and I must let you go to bed, Miss Rachel,—I've had a lovely time. Good-night."

"Maybe I'll have better fortune tomorrow," she mused, as she lay in her narrow little bed. "The idea! as if after my treating Phil Schuyler the way I did, I'd dare go and ask his cousin for a position, even if she wanted me, and he *did* want to give me a letter to her! And besides that I don't know where she lives, and I wouldn't go if I could, and ——"

Whereupon, like every other girl, in an equally independent frame of mind, she proceeded to cry herself to sleep.

The next day was bright and pleasant, and her hopes rose accordingly when she started out. But disaster was awaiting her. There were no answers for her

advertisement at the newspaper office. She answered three notices for "Governess" in the *Record,* in person, but at the first two it appeared that she looked too "delicate" for the work required, which was evidently that of a maid, rather than that of an instructor. The third address was that of a Mrs. Schuyler, who wished a private teacher of French.

Wonder if she can be any relative of Phil Schuyler's," she thought, as she waited in the hall, while her card went up. But it isn't possible—and I wouldn't go there, especially after ——" A lump rose in her throat and she stared sternly at the hat rack.

"Missis Schuyler not at home," said the trim maid, bringing back her card.

Disappointed and worn out she started towards the boarding house. "I'll go see that dear Miss Rachel; she will sooth my angry passions," she thought, as she signaled a car. As she crossed the street, one hand went mechanically into her jacket pocket to feel for her purse. It was gone.

She turned back to the sidewalk, trembling. It was a clear case of theft. The pocket was deep, and there was no chance for the purse to have slipped out. Stephanie caught a glimpse of her own pale face in the mirror of a florist's window. "What a scared, yellow object I am! I look just as I did when I played Hamlet, up at school. Guess I'll go on the stage. I wonder ——"

She thought an instant. "I'll have to

do it or starve," she murmured. "I can't borrow any more money anyway. So here goes."

Fifteen minutes later, she stood before the ballet manager of the latest extravaganza. He was a narrow-faced, keen-eyed individual, with a tight mouth and a trick of firing off sentences like a succession of giant crackers.

"Want to go on the stage! Just like all the rest of them!" he sniffed derisively. "What can you do? Elocute, I suppose?"

"No."

"Sing?"

"A little."

"Dance?"

Stephanie's face brightened. "Take a side step across the room," he ordered, before she could reply. "Slow, so I can see if you know how to bend or not."

Stephanie caught approval in his calculating eye as she came slowly back across the room, swaying through a castanet step and humming her own accompaniment.

"We're short, to-night,—three girls laid up with grip," he said laconically. "You can give a Spanish dance with a little rehearsing? You know Meyer's Castanet arrangement?"

"I think so."

"Go through it."

Excitement had brought the girl strength. Although she had always been able to give solo dances from the time she was a wee midget, prancing about on a table to the accompaniment of her

father's violin, she would never have believed herself capable of such steps and postures as she now executed. Tired as she felt, she was conscious of an intense thrill of pride and satisfaction when, as she swept her last long curtesy, the manager said crisply:

"You'll do well enough. Give that twice each night and at the matinees this week. I'll give you $15 for it. Tell the wardrobe woman to give you Sally King's dress. See you later about your cues."

Stephanie thanked him, and hurried away. Fortune seemed smiling on her. But what was she to do till her first performance? It was nearly six o'clock now. Almost two miles from home, and not a cent of car fare!

"I'll stay at one of the shops," she decided. Her hunger and faintness were not so easily disposed of. But she fought out the two hours bravely, and at eight o'clock she was standing in the noisy dressing room, regarding herself in her sweeping robes of silk and tinsel, with more of horror than of admiration in her eyes.

"Why did you paint me up so?" she demanded indignantly of a tired dresser.

"'Deed an' you need more, Miss. Youse that yeller you looks like the face of clay."

"Seems to me I'm black, rather. And how am I to dance in this dress? It trails all around me."

"Sally managed all right. Youse isn't tall enough. Wait till I gets me

needles," and she vanished into an adjoining room.

Stephanie looked around her with a shiver of disgust.

The other girls who were waiting for their calls were beginning to go out of the room by twos and threes, glancing askance at her as they went. How hot and strange and horrible it all was! She would have given worlds to be safely back in her still little room.

There was no one in the room now. It must be almost time for her initial performance, which was to come early in the first act. She turned towards the door, and for the first time caught her full reflection in a long glass. Could that painted, glittering creature be Stephanie D'Arthenay? She, her mother's child, to be here, in such a place, in such attire! She almost sobbed out in her terrified humiliation, then seized by a sudden impulse she caught up her long mackintosh, flung it about her, and sped wildly down the long stairs to the street below.

Fortunately the stage entrance was on a dark, narrow back street. She stopped a little way from the stage door and tied her black muffler over her head like a hood. Then she fastened the cloak and hurried away.

How she reached her own room she never knew. The thin slippers were torn in strips and falling from her feet as she struggled up the dark stairs to her room. Once inside, she flung herself on

the narrow bed and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"My dear!" It was Miss Rachel's voice at the door. Stephanie sat up feebly.

"In a little, Miss Rachel—oh, you musn't come in, *please.*"

But Miss Rachel came in and bent over the bed and clasped Stephanie with loving arms. "My dear, there is a difference coming for thee, I feel. Thy lost purse is found and someone wants to see thee."

"To see me!" echoed Stephanie. She crept to the door and stood holding the casing, a pathetic little figure in her spangles and lace, her face ashy under the paint. A man—a very big man at that—stood in Miss Rachel's narrow doorway. His face was in shadow, but there was something in the droop of his square shoulders that made Stephanie's heart rise in her throat. But she came forward bravely enough.

"You found my purse, Mr. Schuyler!" she said, composedly.

"Yes, you left it at my cousin's, when you—when you were there this morning."

"There was no address in it. How did you now it was mine?"

"Yes, there was,"—he hesitated. "And there was a card of mine in it, with a message you may remember," he said, quietly. "I'm not going to bother you, Stephanie, so you needn't look at me that way. But my cousin wants some

one to give her private French lessons, and, —"

But it was a little too much for poor little John Doe. Miss Rachel caught her as she sank against the wall.

"The child's tired," she explained, when Stephanie opened her heavy eyes again. "I told her things would change before long. She'll be herself soon, so thee needn't stay."

"Must I go?" he asked very gently. But his question was not addressed to Miss Rachel. And John Doe, feeling that Miss Rachel was the one to decide, had nothing to say.

# THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING AUDUBON.

BY HENRY N. ROBINS.

Two or three summers ago a college chum and myself started out when college closed to enjoy our vacation as book agents. To tell the truth we hoped, and in fact confidently expected, to make a little fortune, and to live in luxury and ease during the rest of our college careers, but before the summer was half over we often found ourselves wondering how we might return to college without having to walk. Still, the wandering life of the book agent is not without its advantages. One acquires valuable experience in dealing with men and at the same time becomes acquainted with different scenes and surroundings. Then, too, we would often meet an old alumnus of the University of G——, who would spin us many a yarn of college life in other days. One never really knows, nor fully appreciates his alma mater until he has heard from those who have witnessed them some of the traditions which are connected with her past. One hot day in August we were pursuing our vocation in a little town of northern Wisconsin. It was along in the afternoon and I had done nothing whatever so far that day, so it

was more from a sense of duty than of pleasurable anticipation that I sought another victim in thr person of Dr. Ward, a man of some local prominence. On entering the office I was agreeably surprised when my eye fell upon a diploma on the wall bearing the familiar seal of the University of G. The doctor was a rather portly man of middle age and very pleasant and agreeable. When our business was over I casually mentioned the fact that my partner and myself were students at G., and, in the felicitations that followed, the doctor so far forgot himself as to invite us both to tea. Of course we accepted and passed a very enjoyable evening. While seated on the porch after tea, the doctor told us a story that has impressed itself forcibly upon my mind.

"During my third year as an undergraduate," he began, "I was employed as an attendant in the general library of the university. It was during this period that I became acquainted with the facts of a peculiar case, which has just recently, after the lapse of nearly a dozen years, been unraveled. Those who were connected with the university in an unofficial way at that time, and, indeed, very many who were only students, still recall the annoyance and suspicion aroused by the disappearance from the library of many of its most valuable books, belonging to the university. Notwithstanding the efforts made to detect the thieves, the authorities of the library

were completely at a loss for even the slightest clue. The depredations were first discovered near the close of the school for the Christmas vacation, when, one morning, soon after the building was opened, the librarian was startled by finding one of the closed cases in which rare and valuable books are placed for safe-keeping, broken open, and the contents strewn about the floor. On investigation it was discovered that a copy of the second folio edition of Shakespeare, upon which the university greatly prided itself, and which could scarcely be purchased at any price, was missing.

An investigation was immediately begun. I, myself, had been on duty at the attendant's desk the evening before, and it was immediately assumed that I must have left a window unfastened somewhere when closing up for the night. Though quite positive that I had fastened them all, I could see no other way for a thief to enter, so concluded finally that I must bear the blame. That night, however, the librarian himself superintended the closing of the building and satisfied himself and his assistant that everything was secure.

"No doubt you understand the utter impossibility of gaining entrance to the book-room when the library is closed; yet perhaps I ought to describe more or less minutely the arrangement of the building and of the stack-room. Immediately back of the attendants' desk are

two sets of heavy iron vault doors which provide the only means of communication between the reading room and the library proper or stack-room. Their primary purpose is for protection against fire, the stack-room being considered as nearly fire-proof as it is possible to build. The books are arranged on three floors. From the third floor a doorway opens out upon a balcony overlooking the reading-room and communicating with the hallway, but this is closed at night by iron doors which can be opened only from the inside. The two doors opening upon the reading-room are closed from the outside and always locked at night. There are, of course, many windows, but each is provided with a fastener, and, when locked, cannot possibly be opened without doing violence to the sash or the frame. So the stack-room was usually considered not only fire-proof but burglar-proof.

"The librarian, being satisfied that every window was securely fastened, closed the two outer doors, locked them, and placed the keys in his pocket. He was on hand early the next morning, and, though sure of finding everything just as he had left it, was making a somewhat cursory tour of the book-room when I arrived. Imagine his consternation in finding another case broken open and two more valuable books gone, one of them a very much prized hand-illuminated copy of the Bible dating from the twelfth century. On examination the

windows were all found to be as securely fastened as ever, the vault doors still closed and bolted from the inside, and no visible sign whatever to indicate how the thief had obtained entrance.

"The authorities were somewhat nonplussed by this situation, but gave orders to have the building carefully watched. The vacation began about that time and the depredations ceased, at least for a time, but soon after school opened they started again. Despite all the efforts to discover the thief every supposed clue proved to be a false one. At times no book was missed for a week or more, then again two or three would disappear in one night.

"Finally the matter reached its culmination and at the same time came to an end with the disappearance of one of the mammoth volumes of Audubon's 'Birds of America.' This work consists of four folio volumes of plates, each somewhat more than three feet long by two wide, and four octavo volumes of text. It was the first work purchased for the university library and cost at the time nine hundred and seventy dollars, but could hardly be purchased now for treble that amount. That a book of so great a size should disappear completely, from an inaccessible building, and without leaving a clue as to its manner of departure, was, indeed, calculated to excite considerable amazement. It even began to be whispered about in faculty circles that it would perhaps be well to place the li-

brarian himself in custody, since no one else had access to the stacks when the thefts took place.

"But the big Audubon was the last to disappear, and the matter would have rested there but for the untimely disappearance of a well-known young man who was pursuing work in the engineering department, being then in his senior year. He had always been known as a somewhat peculiar character, and to those who were little acquainted with him, he appeared extremely surly and morose. He wore a chronic scowl which gave him indeed a very disagreeable appearance. Mr. Binn was known to the faculty, however, as an industrious and faithful student. At any rate he could be found in the library at almost any time of day hard at work. His reading, though usually quite limited, was often very erratic. For two years he had been known to be deeply absorbed in a particular volume of the *Railroad and Engineering Journal.* What he found to interest him in this volume has always remained a puzzle to me, for so far as I could discover it contained no more interesting or valuable material than any other book of its kind. This work he varied at times by calling for bound volumes of the *Scientific American Supplement,* and once in a while he would startle the attendant with a request for some such book as Darwin's 'Descent of Man,' Jones' 'Finger-Ring Lore,' Rev-

erend Taylor's 'Conjuring with Cards', or 'Montague on Death.'

"Being a senior he had obtained permission, through the recommendation of one of his instructors, to enter the stack-room and make use of such books as he would need in preparing his senior thesis. This permission, however, had expired some time before the events which I have related took place. In fact all such permits were withdrawn as soon as it was discovered that books were disappearing.

"This eccentric character lived at some distance from the campus in an old and somewhat neglected shanty, one room of which he occupied as sleeping-room, dining-room and study. No one was ever known to have called upon him, for he had no intimate friends. He prepared his own meals and ate them alone in his room.

"Binn's failure to appear in his classes soon drew forth inquiries concerning him, but no information could be secured from anyone. As he had been such a well-known figure about the library, the university authorities soon came to connect his disappearance with that of the big volume of Audubon, though no tangible reason could be given for such an assumption except a coincidence in the time of departure. It was finally decided to visit his room, and try to get track of him. After much hammering upon the door they were compelled at last to gain entrance through a

window. Binn could not be found and appearances seemed to indicate that he had left his work somewhat hurriedly. A treatise on bridge-building lay open on the table and the lamp had evidently been left to burn itself out; for the disagreeable odor that usually results in that case still lingered in the close room. On opening a door into one of the vacant rooms of the house their suspicions of the embryo engineer proved to be well founded. Not only did they find there the books which had disappeared from the university library; but the room was literally filled with rare and curious old volumes of every size and description. It was a collection for a book-worm to gloat over. How he ever collected them all was a mystery, but it was rumored after the discovery was made known that, in years past, he had been connected with several other universities and libraries throughout the country. Whether their claims were put forward honestly or merely to get a share of the spoil was never known. But the one book which the authorities desired to recover beyond all others was still missing. A thorough search was made of the entire premises, but no trace was found of the missing Audubon. Many inquiries were made concerning the book and concerning Binn himself but all efforts to recover either were fruitless.

"Nearly twelve years elapsed before the

mystery was solved, and then it was by the merest accident.

"In 189— the Regents of the university finally saw their way to grant an appropriation for a much needed addition to the library. As soon as the money was available the work was pushed, for the capacity of the building had long been sorely taxed.

"While excavating for the foundation the workmen came upon one of the large iron pipes that convey the steam for heating the various buildings underground from the main tunnel of the heating plant. This pipe had evidently been placed in position when the ground was wet, and the excavation had been very carelessly filled in. Beneath the pipe at any rate was a long hollow space, quite large enough for a man to sit in with head almost erect. The heat from the pipe had dried the earth around it and caused it to crumble away. One of the more curiously inclined of the workmen ventured to creep along the hollow for some distance to determine its extent, but soon came to an abrupt stop at what seemed a stone wall interposed in his path. Striking a match he found that the stone wall was nothing more nor less than a very large book wedged in so tightly that it was impossible to move it Hastily backing out he communicated his discovery to the superintendent who in turn carried the information to the librarian. That official immediately ordered the workmen to disinter the book.

This was very quickly done, though it was by no means an easy matter, as it was wedged in tightly. The book of course proved to be the missing Audubon, but this was not the only information gained from the discovery. As soon as the volume was dislodged and removed an object fell forward into the passage which caused the bystanders to start back in horror. It was the skeleton of a human being and it had fallen in such a way that the ghastly, grinning face stared directly upward from the bottom of the excavation. Nothing was found to identify it, but the authorities very quickly concluded that it was the remains of Henry Binn, the senior engineer, whose disappearance twelve years before had caused so much comment.

"By this discovery the last of the missing books was finally restored to its place on the library shelves; but no light was yet shed on the manner of their disappearance; nor did the exhumed skeleton offer any explanation touching the mystery of its burial.

"But the clue discovered here was easily followed. As I have said, the hollow in which the book was found was caused in part by carelessness in filling the excavation after a steam-pipe had been placed in position. The pipe communicated at one end with the tunnel from the heating-plant, and at the other end penetrated a stone wall into the basement of the library. On examination it

was discovered that two of the large foundation stones could with some difficulty be removed, leaving a practically unobstructed passage, through which a man might crawl on his hands and knees from the library basement to the tunnel, a distance of about twenty feet. But even then the mystery was not yet solved, for there was apparently no communication whatever between the basement of the library and the stack-room. The library authorities examined every foot of the wall but were finally forced to give it up. But the fact that the solution lay right before their eyes perhaps served to blind them to it. Not till a chance visitor one day called attention to it did they appear to notice a small iron door set in the wall, bearing the legend, blotted and yellow with age, 'Please do not open this door.' It appears that when the library was built provision was made for a sort of elevator for conveying books from the upper floors of the stack-room to the attendants' desk, an idea which, if carried out, would probably have obviated a great deal of the trouble and delay we used to experience in drawing books. The shaft for this elevator extended into the basement and iron doors similar to the one we have mentioned opened upon each floor of the book-room. The openings on the ground floor and on the second floor were blocked by cases of books, but that on the third floor was unobstructed. As soon as the basement door was opened the whole matter became

clear, for there before their eyes hung a heavy rope which, in connection with the cables for the electric wires running up the side of the shaft, formed a very serviceable ladder.

"The rest of the solution was easy. Binn had entered the tunnel by one of the man-holes which are numerous about the campus, and, following the steam-pipe to the library, removed the foundation-stones and entered the basement. Then, ascending the elevator-shaft, he secured the books he wanted and returned the way he had come. But in carrying away the big volume of Audubon, he had misjudged the capacity of the hollow passage. Entering head foremost, he stopped a moment to push the stones back into place with his feet, then grasped the book again and crept forward. But progress became more and more difficult because of the size and weight of his burden and the narrowness of the passage. Finally the book became wedged into the space in front of him, completely blocking his way. His efforts to force it ahead only served to lodge it more firmly in place, and when he made up his mind to abandon it, the fact dawned upon him for the first time that it completely blocked his way, and that he could no more pass out beside it leaving it in the passage, than he could force it through ahead of him. Obviously, then, he must return the way he came. But the passage was too small for him to turn around to remove the stone from the

opening. In desperation he attempted to pull them out, using the tips of his toes as fingers. But the longer he worked, the more securely did he become imprisoned. He was caught in a trap of his own preparing. The care he had taken to cover his tracks, he now realized in despair, would effectually prevent his rescue. Call as he might he could not hope that the sound of his voice would penetrate through the six feet of earth above him. The end can be better imagined than described, for the skeleton with both hands still grasping the book, as if still seeking to force it out, spoke more tragically of terrible suffering than could any words."

The story was finished, but none of us cared to break the ensuing silence, so we sat and mused and meditated, the doctor, over old familiar scenes and faces, and we two, of the strangeness and caprice of human experience. The clock in a neighboring tower tolled out the hour of eleven, and my friend and I took our departure. But our thoughts often recur to the little Wisconsin town and to the figure of the portly doctor in the gathering darkness as he unraveled the mystery of the missing Audubon.

# A STRANGE INHERITANCE

BY W. M. WHERRY.

Strange are the inheritances that our ancestors hand down to us from generation to generation, distorted in many ways, perhaps, by the interposition of new stocks, or—who knows to the contrary?—by some tragic experience in the life of an individual, but in the main much the same as in each inheritor. In one family, perhaps, it is a predisposition to alcoholism or some other vice, in another merely an odd kink in the character or some trick of the memory. We have all known of these cases and many others quite as ordinary; but few people, I venture, have either heard or read of so strange an inheritance as has fallen to me—an inheritance so unusual, so bizarre, and grotesque, and in many of its features so ghastly and horrible that I sometimes wonder if it can be possible. But I am constantly reminded of its reality by its own disagreeable presence, and no writer of fiction in his wildest flights has ever imagined anything so terrifying as this gift of my parents.

It was not, however, known to me in my earliest years—for a long time I had no suspicion of anything unusual in my lot, and it was not until after my sixteenth birthday that I had the first of a series of experiences that have since then

made life a burden to me, and the thought of which is now tormenting my soul with the tortures of hell.

My childhood, as I look back on it now, seems a period of supreme happiness. Oh, the care-free mind and ready imagination of youth, finding pleasure in life's simplest things, how little is your happiness realized! With what delight do you survey life's deep mysteries unperplexed by the tangled problems that lurk in the most simple-seeming circumstances of later years! I was always a most imaginative child with a mind keenly alive to the slightest suggestion of a story or a new game. I could always amuse myself devising strange experiences for imaginary people, and every day I spent hours in a world far from this. Other children entered but little into my life, and it was fortunate for me that I had this resource in my own intellect, or else the loneliness of my childhood would have been unbearable. I was an only child, but far from being spoiled by too much petting and indulgence, I stood a very fair chance of running to seed too young because of neglect. My mother was one of those ethereal creatures who seem scarcely intended for the practical duties of this world. She died when I was still very young. I can remember her quite distinctly, however,—a pale, thin little woman, with lustrous black eyes, and quick, nervous gestures that seemed to hold your attention from the moment you en-

tered the room. Little else do I remember of her, except that her death was always shrouded in a mystery that I am but now beginning to fathom. My father, after my mother's death, plunged into business as if his life depended on it, and, having provided me with a governess and all material comforts, straightway proceeded to forget me. In fact he seemed anxious to bury all his past in oblivion and devoted himself solely to the amassing and management of his wealth. A strange existence it was, living wholly by myself, choosing my own pursuits, and growing up with no thought of anything but the happiness of the moment. I had early learned to read, and my education was limited to the use I made of this accomplishment. My father had a well-selected library, and I spent much time among his books. I read everything, but without system or plan—just as fancy led me. And how I loved that old library with its musty smells of rotting binder's paste, and good old leather, and its delicate aroma from the leaves pressed in old volumes, and all the other odors that appealed so strongly to me! For I had an exceedingly acute sense of smell and was very sensitive to every impression of the sort. There was scarcely anything with which I came in contact that did not present itself to me as a bundle of odors of one sort or another. Pope's conceit "to die of a rose in aromatic pain" was scarce a metaphor with me, so powerfully was I

affected by some pungent effluvia. The slightest trace of any fragrant material was sufficient to give me exquisite pain or pleasure. Flower gardens or hot houses where the air was heavy with its burdens of sweet scents offered up as incense from a thousand chalices, were my keenest delight. As I wandered through the perfumed air my spirit seemed transported by the mere ecstasy of smell.

There was one especial odor of a subtlety so intense as to mark it off from any other, and which had a most peculiar influence over me. So subtle was it that I frequently detected its presence by the profound melancholy which came over me, before I could distinguish its "tang" among the myriads of other odors that sent their various messages to my busy brain.

I used to talk of these things to my governess; but she was a gross creature, and understood nothing of what I said. At last I grew tired of trying to win her sympathy, though goodness knows how my soul thirsted for it! I was not a moody child nor a reserved one by nature; but this constant living in my own thoughts gave me such habits of introspection that I must easily have given an impression almost of sulkiness.

My father and I would sit the long evening through on opposite sides of the table, each absorbed in his own thoughts and neither uttering a word for hours, and then merely the most formal or commonplace observation consistent with

speaking at all. I believe, though, that there was some comfort for both of us in this silent companionship, although six years after my mother's death we were still as far removed from each other as ever. However, about my eighteenth year something occurred so unexpected that I still remember the startled feeling which filled me.

We had sat a long time in silence. I was busied with a novel, and had not looked off the page for some time, thinking that my father was deep in his own affairs, when suddenly, and without any preliminaries, he said: "Walter, how long have you known of this peculiarity in your sense of smell?" His voice was so grave and his face wore a look so stern that I was frightened as well as nonplussed by the unexpectedness of his question. For a moment I did not answer and then I managed to ask him what peculiarity he meant.. "Is it possible," he said, "that you are not affected in the same way? It has struck me two or three times lately that you must be. She had just such melancholy moods, before—but maybe not, maybe not," and he lapsed into a musing silence. I was wild to ask him a multitude of questions, but was afraid to do so, and sat waiting in silence for him to speak. I waited a long time, filled with all sorts of curious speculations and vague surmises.

At last my father said, scarcely as if expecting me to answer: "You do not remember your mother?" and before I

could reply, he went on, as if to himself: "He was a mere child and could not have understood"—and then to me: "Walter, do you ever think of your mother?" I answered simply that I never did, and he said eagerly, with a note almost of joy in his tone, "That is good. I hope you never will. I hope you *never* will." Emboldened by his strange manner I asked: "Wasn't she happy, father?" and then stopped amazed at my own temerity. To my surprise, he looked at me kindly and said in a grave tone: "Better not pry into the past my son. Your mother, too, knew something of life's tragedy. And to think that I—but, God knows, I have paid for it!" And then he lapsed into a deeper, moodier silence, that left me in blind wonder.

His words stirred strange memories within me—memories of an exceeding vagueness and dimness, and I reached blind, gropingly towards them in hopes of finding some meaning in my father's mysterious hints. Alas! that meaning, although still shrouded in mystery, is all too clear to me now, and I could well afford to trade my present miserable knowledge for that past, happy ignorance! Then, however, I was thoroughly aroused, and leaning back in my chair recalled every detail about my mother that yet lingered in my memory. They were meagre enough, these details, and served but to provoke me to greater efforts. I could recall her pleasant sick room, with the odors of medicines and

delicate perfumes, and the faint hints of sufferings and experiences unknown to me in my childish innocence. My mother was the center about which all these dim recollections clustered; but somewhere, from some hidden recess of my mind, and mingling themselves with every picture of my mother on her sick bed, came confused recollections of nights in my childhood when I awoke suddenly from sound slumbers with agonizing shrieks ringing in my ears. These memories were very vague and fastened themselves to nothing in my present life; but my ready imagination seized upon them and wove them into grotesque tales.

By the time my father rose to go to bed I was in a state of extreme nervousness, and scarcely dared to follow him. There was something sombre and stern about his figure always; but on this night —I know not whether because of my active imagination or because of some actual change—there certainly was something almost pathetic about him.

I lay thinking these things over after I went to my room, till at last I fell asleep and was for a long time oblivious to all these new-found puzzles. I slept soundly and did not dream; but suddenly I awoke with no apparent reason. My limbs were bathed in a cold perspiration, my breath came in quick gasps, my heart seemed to have stopped beating, and I lay straining my attention, on the *qui vive* for some sound. I half expected to

hear a shriek through the night. But the silence that enveloped me was inpenetrable. Suddenly out of the immensity of blackness, below, above and around me, came floating a most mysterious and pungent odor, like to nothing that had ever yet assailed my nostrils in its intensity, but by its peculiar subtlety suggesting the mystifying odor of my childhood. Yet, more powerful and horrible than anything I had ever dreamed, it awoke within me I know not what unspeakable and ghastly terrors. Unable to move a muscle, scarce able to breathe, enveloped in this frightful and mysterious odor, I lay for some time, until I must have passed into a stupor: for I remember nothing in the interval between my first sudden consciousness of this visitation and the sound of the servant who came to awaken me. I leaped out of bed and sought high and low for the source of the odor, but in vain. It had vanished as mysteriously as it came, and I could scarce believe in the truth of my experience. But I was terribly nervous and depressed. I could eat nothing, read nothing, interest myself in nothing all day. I was haunted with a sense of fear in regard to every one and everything about me. I was afraid to be alone, I was equally afraid to see anyone, and doubly afraid when the time came to go to bed. But that night passed uneventfully as did many another. Six months, in fact, elapsed before my next experience. This was equally unexpected,

equally disagreeable, and if anything left me more nervous and shaken than the former. My father and I were alone, and he in his brusque way had pust proposed that I should enter his office and learn the details of his business. Overcome with surprise and pleasure I stammered my delight and began to thank him, when suddenly my tongue refused utterance, my limbs trembled, my hair rose on my head and my whole being seemed permeated by the most peculiar and sickening odor. It floated up from all around me, and dazed, terrified and overcome, I sank back in my chair and gazed at the ceiling in silence. How long I do not know.

I came to abruptly and looked across the table to my father's chair. It was empty. Trembling, I got up, and as I did so I heard carriage wheels rattling over the roadway in front of the house. My heart sank with a vague foreboding. I glanced at the clock. It was a quarter before three and the hands were slowly creeping over the yellowed face that seemed to grin at me. I hurried upstairs to my father's room, and in a turmoil of fear and excitement paused at the door. No sound came from within. At last I mustered courage and pushed the door gently open. The room was empty and in great confusion. Drawers were pulled out and their contents strewed the floor and furniture. My father was gone, I knew; but I knew not where.

The house could scarcely have been lonelier without him than with him, but somehow I sorely missed him, and for days I wandered around unstrung and nervous, awaiting I knew not what, possessed with all sorts of vague fears and trembling conjectures. The servants were alarmed at my father's sudden departure, and annoyed me with many questions.

At length after a week had slowly worn itself away, the house reverberated to a vigorous pull at the door bell. The servant did not answer, and at the second summons I went myself. I was confronted by a large, square-jawed, square-shouldered man, who scarcely waited to push into the hall before he introduced himself as my father's lawyer and commenced to explain his business. My father, it seems, had decided to send me away to college and would not be back until after I left. The lawyer explained his business, told me the arrangements were all made, and handed me a handsome sum of money. He turned to go, and had got half way down the steps, when he turned and called back: "Oh! I nearly forgot. He told me to tell you, it's hereditary—it's hereditary—and said you would understand." With this vague message he hurried away, leaving me in a most extraordinary state of bewilderment. Nothing was clear to me except that I was to leave in a few days to enter a prepara-

tory school, and then try my chance in the big university.

Five years have passed since then, and in all that time I have never seen my father. And what years of torment they have been! At first I was comparatively free from my odd visitation; but later it recurred again and again to interfere with my pleasures, my work, my little successes and happiness. My triumpns were turned to the bitterest failures just as I seemed about to grasp them, and through it all the hardest trial was the consciousness that I could share this with no one. My unnatural reserve had deepened with the years, and I made few friends. But these years were not wholly devoid of that sort of interest. I had one friend to whom I owe the pleasantest and happiest hours in an otherwise desperate life. She was more than a friend—she was my one consolation, hope, and reliance. But for her I should often have given up. My love for her increased day by day, and became the tenderest passion that ever absorbed a man's thoughts. I shall not dwell on the bliss I found in it; for it is too sacred to me even now, and tonight—tonight I scarcely feel in the mood for dwelling on those happy hours. She loves me as deeply and as tenderly as I do her. I have never asked her of her love nor told her of mine. It has long been an open secret between us; but one we both hesitate to approach, she being restrained by a maidenly reserve, and I by the inability

to mention even to her the chasm that separates me from other men. In all else we have shared each other's thoughts and feelings. She brought her sorrows and trials to me, and she it was who sympathized with me in my despair. And finally, when during the very first of my final examinations I was rendered wholly unfit for work by my terrible enemy, it was she who urged me to consult a doctor, and at last forced me to take that step from which my foolish shyness and reserve had held me.

I went to the doctor, and he was very kind and sympathetic, said my case was not at all uncommon among students and those who led a sedentary life, that it was due to overwork and could be readily remedied by rest and "vegetation." Consequently I packed up and retreated to a farm fifty miles from nowhere.

Three months passed and I was free from my old enemy, which had haunted me day and night before, and I was congratulating myself on the change in my fortune and the happy thought that sent me to the doctor, when the mail,brought to this out-of-the-way farm one Saturday, contained a letter which upset me greatly. My darling was ill, and, her mother wrote to tell me, called on me repeatedly in her pain. My feelings were indescribable as I hastened to her side. Never shall I forget the anxiety and terrible nervous strain of that journey.

At the end of it good news awaited me. My beloved one was up, and though pale

and weak, was able to see me. As we sat there in the parlor of her familiar house, a thousand unutterable thoughts rushed through my brain, and I spoke to her of the happiness I had known in her society, of the pleasure and comfort she had been to me, and of my appreciation of her goodness. As I talked, her cheeks flushed and her eyes grew bright. I became more and more impassioned and was on the point of I know not what tender expression of my emotion, when, without sign of previous warning, suddenly as the assassin's blow, as sudden and as terrible as death itself, there came over me the chilling numbness, I had grown to know and fear. My throat was seized as with an iron grip, my tongue cleaved to my mouth, my limbs trembled, and through my whole frame passed the dread fear of some unknown, unheard of, but terrifying experience; and slowly from the dusk that enveloped us floated up the peculiar, pungent, uncanny odor—familiar, alas; but with a new intensity, an added weight of terror, a pervasiveness and power altogether distinct from anything formerly experienced by me. Scenes, the horror of which beggars description, outlined themselves with sudden vividness in my brain, and seemed to transport me to a dimly remembered past, the recollection of which now is but a dull and heavy pain, but which at the time struck a terror to my soul compared with which the

tortures of the Inferno pale to insignificance.

Rooted to the spot I scarcely breathed. At length I was vaguely conscious of a soothing touch and an alarmed voice that seemed to echo in my heart, "Darling, you are ill?" Collecting myself with a supreme effort, I murmured, "Yes, I am ill; I must go." I tottered to the hall and hurried out.

Here I am, a broken, disheartened creature, with no past but one of horrible memories, with no future but one of unnamed terrors, a blight to those that love me, a curse to myself, of no use whatever in this world; and, looking calmly at the facts—for *now* I am calm—I see but one solution.

Mother, I understand your fate! and now for the quiet, peaceful night of perfect rest, unbroken by any awful visitation. I am so wearied of the torment and worry, wearied of the constant gazing into the future, and brooding over the past, wearied of the struggle and failure and hopelessness of a life saddled with such a baleful inheritance, that night and sleep will come as a blessed relief. Sweetheart, it is for you alone that I think with trembling of tomorrow!

# AN ELECTRICAL VILLAINY.

BY EDITH H. SNELL.

A young man, who shall be known as Snell, because that is his father's surname and he has never owned any other, was at one time a law student in a western university. Here he formed the acquaintance of James H. Waterford. This acquaintance was the most intimate one of Snell's college days with one exception, and it was because of this exception that young Snell thought the name of Edith the sweetest and dearest of the many names enrolled in the University catalogue.

It may be important to call your early attention to Harden, who is the villain of this story. His full name was Peter W. Harden, for he was registered from Indiana, where the W is in common use as a middle name. No one thought him a villain except the students to whom he gave cigars, and as he gave away few cigars his true character was not generally known. He too was a law student, and this fact was what really threw people off the track.

Waterford was a most honest and ingenuous sort of a fellow, and nobody ever doubted his sincerity in anything. He was quite confiding and made a great many friends. He was an expert telegraph operator, he dabbled a great deal in electrical matters, and his room was

nick-named the "junior electrical lab." During his college course he invented a number of improvements of electrical apparatus which attracted some attention from outside experts.

The institution where these young men were students was co-educational, and one of the most beautiful and popular of the young women at the university was Miss Edith Horne. Although Miss Horne was a student in the regular collegiate department, she had many friends in the law school, and Harden was numbered among them. There was nothing extraordinary in this, for Harden was naturally a friend and admirer of young ladies, especially of beautiful young ladies, fit heroines for a story. Otherwise he would not have been of any use as a villain.

In the third year of his course, when Snell and Harden were seniors, Waterford went deeply into his electrical experimenting. He gave all his spare time toward the perfecting of an invention which was to make him famous. Harden, who occupied the same rooms with Waterford, had picked up a good deal of knowledge about telegraphy and electricity in two years, and he assisted his room-mate whenever he was not studying law or calling on Edith Horne. The exact nature of Waterford's invention cannot be explained here for three reasons: first, because it would not be fair to Waterford, for he has not perfected and patented it; second, because this is not a technical paper, but a mere story;

and, third, because the story is not written by Waterford or Harden, the only persons who are really able to describe the invention, but by Edith, who knows little of electricity or inventions. But in a general way, the great invention was to read one's thoughts. It was a combination of the telegraph instrument with parts of the phonograph, and an electric current had something to do with it, and necessarily a person had to be found to do some thinking. He put his head into a receiver, which had done former service on the phonograph, and his forehead was pressed against a band which conveyed a mild electric current. Then he thought, and his thoughts were ticked out by telegraph.

The strength of the current depended upon the kind of thoughts the thinker had in mind. For thoughts of love and affection merely a weak current was needed, while thoughts of indignation, hatred or scorn required all that the inventor dared turn on.

Just before the Christmas vacation Waterford decided that he had the machine almost in running order, although he had not given it any trial. Then he looked around for a victim. Harden suggested Snell, which, as a villain, he had a manifest right to do.

"We want to start with somebody who's in love," said the inventor. "That will be easy to think about, and there won't be any risk of breaking the machine. Then when we get her perfected, we can get a lot of rival politicians to-

gether and have a regular sizzler of a public exhibition. Yes, that's right; Snell will be just the man to start on. He's been telling me about Edith somebody or other since the first of the year."

Snell agreed readily to aid the cause, and Waterford thought that by working steadily through the holidays he could have the machine in shape for a trial early in January. While Waterford and Harden were busy perfecting the invention, Snell and Edith were enjoying each other's company.

"Of course I shall think of you, sweetheart," he said, "and I hope the machine will bring out my thoughts so that they will tell you how much I love you. I will let you have the message as soon as we try the experiment."

Edith only looked up at him and said, "Your eyes tell me just what you think, dear, without the aid of any less wonderful instrument,"—and there are tons of books and stories which will describe for you the next scene.

In the first week in February Waterford announced that the machine was ready for trial, and he went for Snell one evening, while Harden stayed in the rooms to put on a few finishing touches. Snell happened to be in his room, full of thoughts of Edith and anxious to give them expression. They entered the laboratory to find it dark, save for a small lamp which was placed at the telegraph end of the machine table. Waterford sat down and prepared to take the message. After placing Snell and adjusting the re-

ceiver, Harden withdrew to the adjoining room, in order, as he explained, to give the proper solitude for thought.

For a few moments no sound was heard. Then the instrument began to call sharply, "E, H; E, H; E, H."

"Those must be Edith's initials," Waterford thought to himself. "That's the stuff."

The instrument began to click out a message, and Waterford took down this:

" 'Get up, Oilcloth,' said the man to his faithful horse, as they struggled through the great drifts. 'We must make speedy haste.' The noble animal went on in the blinding blizzard. Suddenly the man drew a sensational newspaper from his pocket, and by the light of the falling snow-flakes he read from it the words, 'I love you.' "

Harden carried a lamp into the "laboratory" to find Waterford holding a sheet of paper in his hands and gazing at it with a bewildered air. Then Snell took the paper from Waterford and hastily read the message.

"There must be some mistake," said Waterford, finally. "I don't think the machine is quite perfect."

"No, I'm afraid not quite," said Snell, and the two walked to his room together, neither saying anything further on the way.

Snell simply wrote Edith a note, saying that the machine was a failure and that he did not take much stock in Waterford's inventions. He did not nurse any hard feelings towards the in-

ventor, but he refused to assist in any more experiments. Indeed, there were no more, for Waterford cast the machine aside for the remainder of the year.

But the end is not here. Harden now began to work in his villainy. He called on Miss Edith Horne a few nights after the experiment, told her the whole story and showed her a copy of the message; he explained how he had connected the telegraph instrument of the machine with another instrument in the other room, where he sat and sent the message. The effect of his story can be imagined. Edith was indignant at first, from pity on poor Snell, and then she laughed heartily. Finally they fell into a discussion of love that drew Harden into confessing whom he loved better than all the world, at which Edith,—well, of course she first looked down, blushing most prettily, and then looked up with a wondrous look in her eyes and accepted him.

Harden went to Snell the next day and told him the whole truth, and Snell wrote to Edith—the one to whom he was engaged, of course, Miss Edith Holbrook; he did not know Miss Horne then,—and told it all to her. And now with the consent of all interested persons, she has written it down, calling Mr. Harden a villain at his own request. It is only fair, however, to Mrs. Harden to add that she has kept her husband out of any further villainy.

# THE MOUNTAINS THAT ARE ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

BY MABEL COLTON.

Amid her child's wondering questions and exclamations of delight, Janet Merrill's heart beat strangely fast as the train wound and whirled along beneath the hills she had not seen for many years, now over the silent, rippling, changing river, now between it and the rocky pine-clad slopes. As it stopped at a cramped little station settlement, six miles from the old home, she looked out, while gathering up her bundles, and seemed to see a spectre of other years. The children, who clung to her skirts, half frightened in the new surroundings, so different from their prairie home, were phantom-like; the years rolled backward as a scroll, as a tale untold, and she stood here again with her lover, with their faces to westward. Her brother David, a brown, long-limbed farmer, greeted her a moment later, and while he was bringing around the team, she stood on the platform watching the departing train speed out across the valley, up from which cliffs and gorges opened brief, shadowy vistas. The hills rose dark and ever-silent, ever-watchful overhead, and a chant rang through her heart to the measured motion of the train: "The mountains that are round about Jerusa-

lem—the mountains that are round about Jerusalem."

* * * * *

The road over the hills to the old home seems from the valley but a silvery strand of ribbon going up and up forever. To one plodding up it, however, whether in winter's drift or summer's dust, it is a stern reality, a weary treadmill of never-ending ascent. Near the top a road branches off, going yet higher, until it comes to a dingy farm-house, preferably reached by a rough cart-path across the fields to avoid a longer circuit of road. Here is the Eldon farm, and this is where the ashes of Sodom were bitter before the peace of Jerusalem came.

On some overturned hencoops in front of the barn, three little boys in Sunday clothes and untoward cleanliness sat silent and still one hot day in August, fifteen years before Janet had returned with her children. From within the barn came the sound of horses stamping impatiently, the swish of their tails, and the soft, soothing monotone of animals munching. Several hens were pecking about in the gravel outside; the cow staked in the front yard was absorbed in the unmown grass. Everywhere was busy, animal activity, the satisfying of the wants of each one which is the basis of life. But to the boys had come that mystery of existence and its ceasing, which made them realize for the first time the difference between themselves and their brute friends.

In the house, the green baize shades of the parlor were drawn down, and the light through them cast a strange pallor over the red carpet, laid out in huge checkerboard pattern, the brown rep furniture, the gay vases and shells on the mantel, and the other penates of a New England parlor. Yet over all the crudity and transgression of taste that mystery had laid a touch refining and hallowing, for in the center of the room was a coffin supported on chairs, and a man with bowed head sat beside it.

His bride of the long ago, which now seemed so near, had laid down her share of the burden. Besides the three boys there was a girl, still younger, asleep on the floor in the next room—dirty, tear-streaked cheeks, sobs breaking yet through her slumber. Then on the bed lay Janet, the oldest daughter, perhaps fourteen years old, in speechless pain, for under the duties she had tried to transfer to her shoulders, as the mother grew weaker, the frail frame and delicate back had given way.

"Recovery is a question of time only—merely a matter of time," said the doctor. Meanwhile, the past was a mass of confused memories, the future a blank.

The afternoon wore away, and no one dared disturb the living, as statuesque as the dead, save for the molten ferment of passion within. At last, just as the sun had sunk so low that a bright ray came beneath the curtain and shone like the glory of resurrection over the coffin,

David, the oldest boy, ventured in and jogged his father's elbow.

"Pa," he whispered hoarsely, "Mr. Merrill an' Dem's been waitin' a tur'ble long time for you."

Mr. Eldon arose, dazed and wild-eyed, and suddenly recalled that the funeral services in the village were appointed for four o'clock and they must be starting; for the doctor had forbidden any assembling at the house to spare Janet all excitement and the jarring of heavy footfalls. He stooped now beside her bed, looking down at her, affection, bitterness, anger with God struggling within him. Her eyes opened slowly and her lips only quivered for speech. Then he helped the men waiting to carry out the coffin to the wagon, and with a few short commands to the younger children, he and Dave started off.

"It's most six o'clock," suggested Mr. Merrill kindly. "Hadn't you best wait until tomorrow. The folks to town are waiting, I reckon, but then, it's getting late in the day for the fun'ral, *I'm* thinking."

Mr. Eldon seemed not to hear, and the team proceeded slowly down the road, which, though overgrown with grass and fringed high with weeds, seemed more fitting the occasion than the rougher short-cut.

"There Miss Merrill," Dave remarked, timidly as a break in the elder bushes along the stone wall gave a stretch of the field and cart path, a woman's form silhouetted in ample outlines hastening

across it. "I hearn her tell Jen she'd bring over some vittles an' things."

Mr. Eldon's face settled and sullenly, for beneath the deep grief for his wife and sorrow for his daughter, the thought rankled worst, a cruel thorn in the flesh, that he and his were now objects for sweet charity's endeavor, shrugs of pity, sly bestowals and benevolent offers. He almost forgot the wagon's sad burden as his hand closed over the whip, and the horses started at the sudden cut, till David's stealthy glance over his shoulder recalled him.

From east and west, from north and south, over the hills and along the dusty highways, country vehicles had been gathering at the little farming center. Farmer Jones and Farmer Brown came in their big lumber-wagons, with "wife" perched on the high seat beside them; the doctor rattled down in his buckboard, while the minister and the wealthier landowners drew up before the postoffice their more pretentious covered buggies, begrimed with the dust of many weeks. In front of the store, under the sheds and all along the cemetery-side, the teams were hitched, the horses drooping their heads in the hot summer sun. Since an hour before the appointed time of four, the town had been waiting to receive its dead. On the store stoop and within, the men were assembled in solemn conclave, carefully excluding from their conversation all allusions to business or crops. Mrs. Eldon's life and character, what the minister would say, how the

family "took" it, and how they would manage without her, were topics worthy of the hour. The subdued sounds of children's voices came from the green and house yards round about; rustic swains wandered along the roadside with their sweethearts in that dreamland of youth where death is vague and distant, and love is all.

The matrons, each wrapped in the inevitable shawl, though the day was warm, strolled through the graveyard, stopping occasionally to brush aside the tall weeds from some tombstone in order to trace out a pedigree, to find where Deacon Buell buried his first wife or the spot where a bygone worthy slept. Now and then some woman needed not to stoop and peer, for her set lips quivered and her heart responded to a silent spirit-call. Here, "Mary, beloved daughter of ———, aged 18," slumbered; here a tiny mound marked the place where the first-born with the mother's hopes were laid away forever.

A quaint old graveyard, dark with the shadows of the pines and hemlocks overhead, dank with long grass and creeping, clinging vines beneath. Under a long, flat stone, raised on mortar work a foot or so from the ground. lay the dust of Isaac Gray, of colonial days, and near by Sam, his "faithful slave," the broken slab dating back to the period when simple, Puritanic New England had its menials. The lot sloped down toward a brook in the meadow behind, and could the dead that day have risen and stood

where once they stood and looked where the living looked, they would have seen a landscape of rural beauty. The murmuring brook wound between its banks, on which goldenrod and asters grew; beyond, stretched verdant meadows and fields of waving grain. A mountain, dark and gloomy, with a tall watch-tower of pine, loomed against the sky.

So the afternoon passed by, and Mr. Eldon had not come. Gradually the conversation at the postoffice relaxed, and secular subjects were introduced, politics and pumpkins. Several men went out to look at and criticise the horses. The women dispersed to the neighboring houses and ,laying aside their shawls, discussed the living issues of hop yeast and re-trimmed bonnets rather than buried memories. In the absence of their elders, the children took possession of the cemetery and held high carnival. Iron chains, hung on stone posts to fence off a group of mounds, made fascinating swings. The boys found that the venerable Isaaac's gravestone formed an excellent place on which to play marbles. Some climbed trees or walked fences, and one, mounting a square monument irrevelently dubbed the dunce-block, delivered an impromptu speech.

Soon the stones and trees cast long shadows athwart the yard. A few of the people went home, but the most stayed to await the long-expected coming. At last the well-known Eldon team was seen toiling up the last hill, but one look at the man's darkened face silenced all

inquiry or reproach. Then six men, with bared heads and sober faces, lifted the coffin and bore it to its last resting-place, the people following after in irregular procession. And there, in the dusky twilight, while the splash of the brook and the weird croaking of frogs came up from the marsh land and the birds twittered overhead in softened cadences; while the tombstones seemed to stretch out white, ghostly arms through the shadow, as of the dead to receive their comrade, the coffin was lowered into the yawning grave. The minister spoke words of solemn comfort; the sod, damp with evening dew, struck with a dull thud on the lid, and, as darkness covered the land, so Earth swallowed up her own.

* * * * *

Mr. Eldon was counted a good man, an earnest man, and even after he had so looked on the works of the Lord and had seen that they were not good, but sadly askew he continued to drive his children over the hills to church every Sunday. Then, while he listened to the expounding of doctrines and tried to subdue the revolt of his soul against them, his suspicion and distrust of himself turned against others, and he dreaded the sting of their sympathy. This brooding moroseness, displacing the former dogmatism and assertiveness of Bible-class controversies, perplexed the minister not a little in his lonely rides, and made him pause often with lifted pen while writing his sermons. Rumors, not

at all prepossessing, were afloat concerning the odd warp his nature had taken. Clothing and food sent by kindly housewives to the sallow, ill-kept children, were returned with curt messages of refusal. Servants' help at the Eldon farm was a transient dream, and respectable housekeepers of undenied capability had a scarcely less ephemeral duration. Mr. Eldon resented the slightest display of motherly interest. So he, and the boys, as they grew older, did the greater part of the cooking and baking, and it was not food for an invalid's menu, not nourishment for growing young frames.

Gradually, however, Mrs. Merrill, in casual expeditions across-lots, had gained many little privileges of helping which Mr. Edlon would not concede to others, and many were the comforts added to the household under cover of "something for Janet." Nevertheless, it was dreary living at best. The children grew up wild and sullen, though with a misty sense of reverence for the still sister who must not be touched roughly or yelled at, except when the temptation became too strong to arrange tick-tacks at her window, or coil a dead snake beside her while sleeping. These were pleasing diversions, but Mr. Eldon never heard of them.

Thus it came to pass that of all the calls in his parochial circuit, the minister dreaded this one the most. Mr. Eldon, gruffly affable when farming and voting were talked of, turned a dead wall of un-

communicativeness when topics of more vital import were broached. And there, too, was Janet. It was not easy to meet the agonized look of inquiry in those mute eyes, and the minister, unflinchingly courageous and orthodox, with his strong physique, felt vaguely that the divine mystery of suffering, with its Gethsemane and Golgotha of despair, was not enough explained in theological works.

Janet, indeed, had time to think much and deeply during the four years after her mother's death, and, though the methods employed and the conclusions reached were not, perhaps, those recommended in phliosophical treatises, they were definite and plain. Pain made her an abstract quantity, apart from time and space. She was only a child, simple and untaught, but, Budda-like, in those months of wrenching agony, she passed through succeeding stages of temptation and bitterness till she reached a Nirvana of soul adjustment and calm. She was only a child, but her hands, groping blindly, touched that which wise men have sought in vain, and life, of which she knew but one bleak corner and one brief period, lay before her with its mystery explained.

So to Janet, as the years dragged along, time was divided into three phases, days of dull pain when she answered the children's questions and settled their quarrels in a dream, days of black horror when she must be moved

or her back treated, and, growing more frequent as she grew older and calmer, days of ecstacy when she forgot her pain, and it seemed only like a low, droning monotone in some sphere below.

"Pa," she exclaimed one morning as Mr. Eldon brought in the cheerless breakfast, "I seen visions last night."

Janet was able now to bear one or two scanty pillows at her head, and her father sat the tray down and arranged them before he replied with harsh tenderness:

"You mean you've had good dreams, I suppose, don't ye?"

"No, pa, they were'nt dreams, they were clear like visions. I see our house like it is, only glorified and spread out somehow, an' ma was here just like she was, only looking so happy,—an' I was well an' strong. Pa," she said, clutching his hand, "it ain't only when I'm asleep I see that. Lots of times when I'm just as wide awake as, as you are, I see ma trvin' to tell you something, only you won't listen, and the room spreads out like, like Jerusalem, the golden, and, pa, she talks to me sometimes, and I *know* I'm going to get well."

Mr. Eldon's powerful face was moved, and its features caught some of the girl's ecstatic glow, but he scowled heavily, and thrust out his chin with sharp emphasis.

"Here, drink this 'ere coffee; it'll do you a sight more good than that vision o' yourn. Mis' Merrill ain't been read-

ing you any spiritualistic trash, hez she?" he queried, watching her closely.

"I don't know what you mean," she replied. "She read the Bible to me, and the more I think about it, lying here, the more I see that it'll all come true, if I only pray and get faith. Why, pa, I've had the queerest feelin's lately. Instead of my feet and arms feeling so heavy, like they used to, there's kind of life somehow that runs up and down, and stings and jumps, an' sometimes it seems as if, if I could only pray hard, an' make myself have faith, I could get up and run!"

The girl's quavering voice died away in a whisper of awe, and she lay watching her father till the glow of rapture faded before his dark face. He had taken the coffee cup from her hand and was absently stirring and puddling the muddy dregs left in the bottom.

Of course you'll get well if you lie there long enough. The doctor's said so all along," he said rising suddenly and removing the tray. "It's a question o' bone an' marrow healin', not faith, nor the Lord's doin's."

Yet during the morning, while he and the boys were doing the housework in slovenly fashion he paused several times as though straining to catch some faint whisper.

"Her ma always seen things clearer'n I could, and Janet's like her," he muttered.

One afternoon in early September,

when the first frosts had already nipped the leaves to a pale yellow, deepening to crimson, Janet lay as she had now lain for nearly five years. She was alone in the house; the younger children rarely got back from the school in the valley to nearly nightfall, and today Mr. Eldon and David had gone to town, leaving her alone ,but quite safe. She had only to hoist a signal within easy reach and someone from the Merrill place was summoned, if needed. Once only during the afternoon had her thoughts and silent upliftings of prayers been interrupted. Demmin Merrill came over with some delicacy from his mother and threw down on her bed a great bunch of goldenrod and a long trail of creeping clematis. Janet cried out with delight, and, thrusting her hand in among the rich, furry blossoms, looked up with pleased eyes. She liked Demmin, with an ill-defined feeling of differences between her liking for him and for others. He did not treat her with her father's rough affection, nor with Mrs. Merrill's fussy kindliness, nor yet with the obtrusive, inquisitive sympathy of others. There was an adoration in his eyes and a reverence in his manner that unawares pleased her, for she was a woman.

Surely he was comely and fair to look upon for any one, as he stood filling the doorway with his broad, stalwart frame, his keen eyes intensely blue in their setting of bronzed flesh and dark hair. The girl's pale face had almost a tinge of

pink through its waxen sallowness; her hair, he thought, had caught something of the goldenrod's hue, and shone like an aureole against the pillows. The clematis did not cling to the old stone wall more tightly than those thin, helpless fingers clutched at the heart strings.

"The next time the goldenrod's here I'll pick it myself," she said smiling, "without troubling you, Dem."

"Do you expect to be round by then, really?" he asked doubtfully.

"Oh, long before then, I guess," she replied fervently, and then there was a long silence.

"If—if you are, will you pick some for me, Janet?" he faltered.

The words in themselves meant little, but Janet looked up, startled at the tremulous accept, and the young man's bronze flushed to dull crimson.

After he had gone, the episode troubled her for a little, but slowly the solitude, which had been so long her teacher and companion, soothed her, and she yielded to its influence. Her bed was turned so she could not see out of the west window but the rays of the sinking sun, yellow-red as a burnished shield, flooded the opposite wall and, through the door into the kitchen, transfigured the stove, the rough tables and chairs. The walls expanded the glory of it all was alive and trembling; and mingled strangely in marvelous splendor with the mass of gorgeous blossoms heaped on the bed, with the crimson and yellow foliage that brushed the window. Spirits walked

amid it and spoke to her with healing words; her mother stood and smiled at her.

Suddenly, from her mother's finger-tips, her hair, her outspread wings, shot flames of fire; tongues of fire filled the air and spoke words of mystery. And through it all was a dull roar like the pain when she forgot it. She aroused herself from her trance-like rapture, bewildered by the mingled glare, and saw that the kitchen walls were a mass of crackling, roaring fire; flames were licking across the floor and up the door posts, clouds of smoke burst in.

For a moment there was the awful sinking and despair, the utter powerlessness and lack of desire. Then she sat up in bed.

"Lord, I believe," she cried, "help Thou my unbelief."

Perhaps the long-disused back and limbs were already strong by a new healthy cell-growth and only awaited a keen, decisive message along the quivering nerves to arouse the dormant will. Perhaps faith so touched the spiritual that it arose, bearing with it the corporeal. Who knows? However it was, she sprang out of bed, hastily threw the coverlet around her, and walked, even ran, through the parlor, the glory of whose red carpet and green shades was ruined by the soot and cinders. Halfway down the cartpath, over the hubs and ruts of which she stumbled with numb feet, she met Demmin Merrill, who, with a cry of joy and amazement, caught her up and

carried her swiftly back to his own home.

In the meantime Mr. Eldon had returned by the road and, not finding his daughter in the burning house, in his frenzy had gone to search for her upstairs. There, Demmin, returning, saw him leaning out of the second floor window, battling impotently with the flames, shouting unintelligibly. There was a silence as before a thunderclap, and Mr. Eldon's voice was heard calling: "I hear ye, I'm comin'," followed by the crash of the building.

Ten minutes later a burned and bruised body was lying in the Merrill's sitting room, tenderly cared for by Mrs. Merrill and Janet, while the children, coming in, stood speechless at this strange turning of tables,—their father, the unbending, invincible, lying low,—their sister, ever prone and helpless, standing erect and moving about. Mr. Eldon's eyelids opened slowly and he whispered:

"I hearn you, wife, I'm coming. Janet, you and she always seen thin's clearer 'n I could. I looked for Jerusalem afar by the light o' reason but you've made it here in your heart and your life. Dem.," he gasped, groping for him through the gathering darkness, "take good care of Janet when ——"

As the eyelids, singed and lashless, closed forever, to open on the new Jerusalem, Janet looked up and saw the promised land of earthly happiness in the young man's face.

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